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ELEMENTS OF AN INDUSTRY

IN daily speech the word "element" is too often used wrongly or carelessly. "The elements" suggest "the weather" and "elementary" something easy or simple. To men of science, however, an element describes any substance which cannot be split up into a simpler one by ordinary chemical methods. A dictionary definition is that an element is "the simplest known constituent of all compound substances". This recognition is based on a theory first propounded by Robert Boyle, a British chemist, in 1661. In all nature there are only ninety-two of these "Elements".

From these are built up every single thing we eat or use or see. The function of the chemical industry is to discover how to separate elements which in nature exist in a combined form, to find out how they can be made to combine into substances useful to man, and then to evolve methods of making them do so "to order" on a commercial scale.

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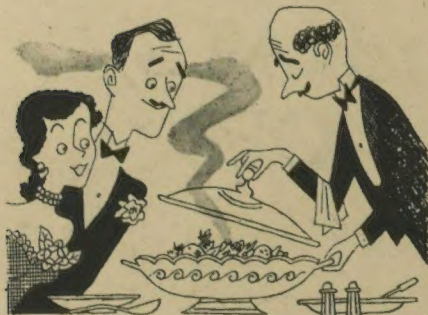


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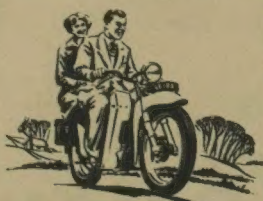
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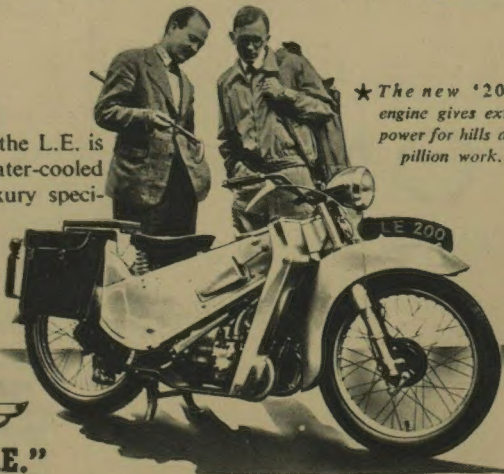
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CHABLIS MOUTONNE

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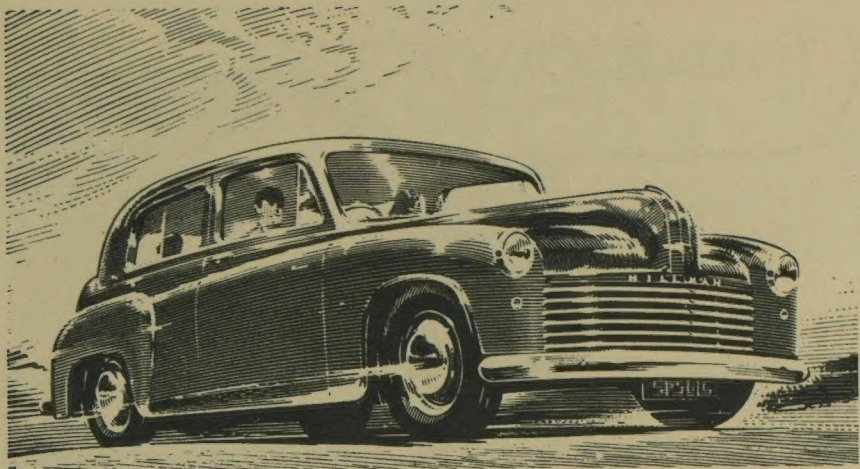
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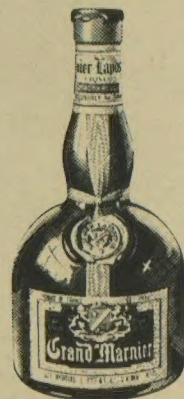


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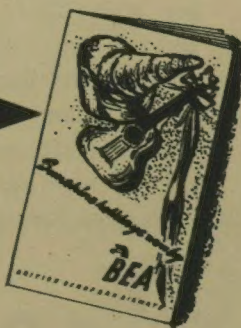
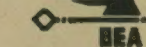
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A portrait painted by an unknown artist during her imprisonment in Loch Leven Castle and subsequently presented by her to her deliverer George Douglas.

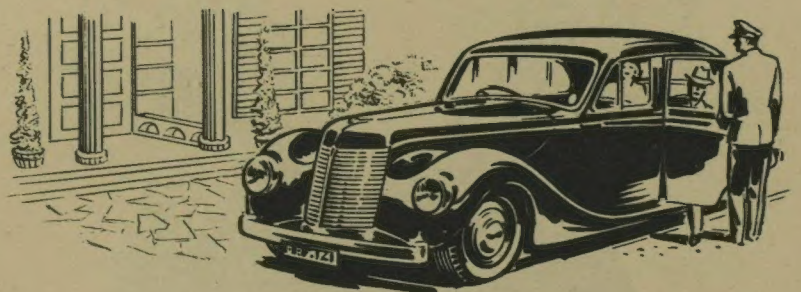


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SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1951.



A MALAYAN "BANDIT" MEETS HIS END: PLANTERS' WIVES INSPECTING AN ELEPHANT SHOT WHILST RAIDING CROPS.

Long before Communist bandits made a planter's life in Malaya one of continual watchfulness, other marauders from the dense jungle which covers four-fifths of the country had been raiding his crops and damaging his plantations. The chief villain

is the wild elephant which, when other measures fail, has to be shot. Our photograph shows two planters' wives inspecting a kill in Pahang, where a "bandit" with no political bias discovered that property rights must be respected.

UNDER THE COMMUNIST SHADOW: ASPECTS OF A PLANTER'S LIFE IN MALAYA.



LOCAL DEFENCE ON A RUBBER PLANTER'S ESTATE IN PAHANG: SPECIAL CONSTABLES ARMED WITH RIFLES PARADING FOR INSPECTION BEFORE GOING ON GUARD.

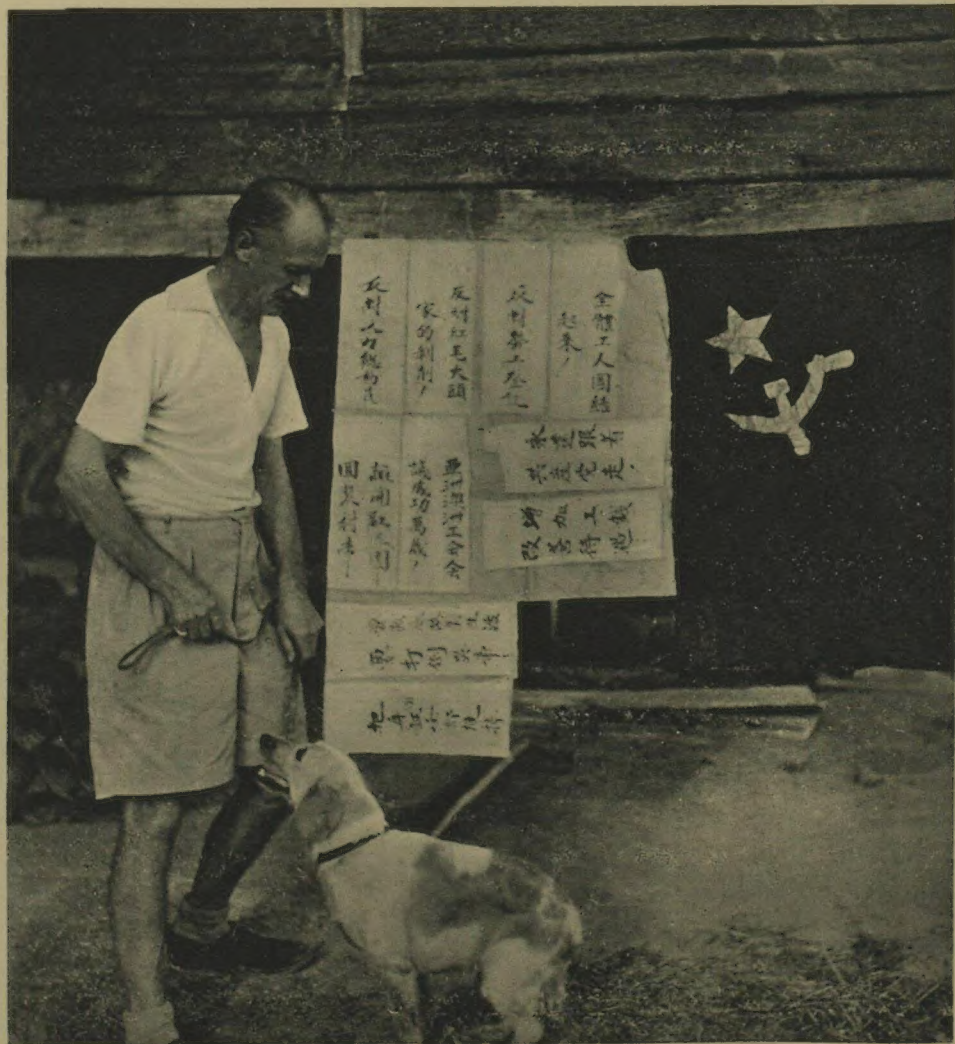


A MORNING SCENE ON A RUBBER ESTATE IN PAHANG: THE UNION FLAG AND THE FLAG OF THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA BEING HOISTED OUTSIDE THE GUARDROOM.



SOUNDING A CALL WITH AN IMPROVISED TRUMPET: THE MANAGER OF AN ESTATE ON PARADE, WITH SPECIAL CONSTABLES WHO PROVIDE THE GUARD.

On this and the facing page we illustrate some aspects of a rubber planter's life in Central Pahang, Malaya. The determination with which the planters, and their wives, have squared up to the Communist menace and refused to be intimidated by threats



THE SHADOW OVER THE RUBBER PLANTATIONS: COMMUNIST LITERATURE AND A SOVIET FLAG FOUND INSIDE THE DEFENCES OF AN ESTATE IN PAHANG.

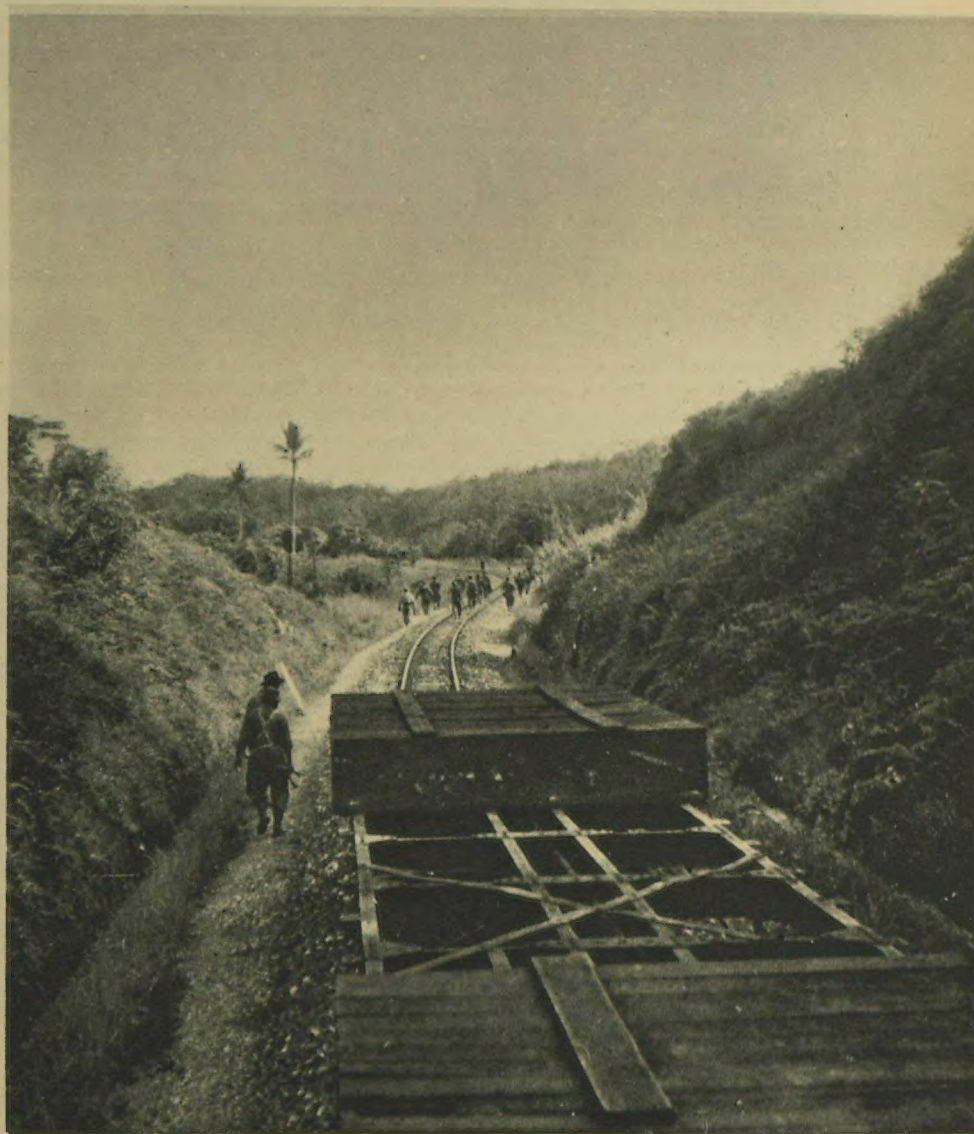
or murder has been of great value to the authorities, for the native population have been set an example which they can admire and emulate. Apart from adopting the motto "business as usual," the planters have taken the lead in recruiting and

(Continued opposite.)

UNDER THE COMMUNIST SHADOW: HAZARDS OF RAILWAY TRAVEL IN MALAYA.



READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY: AN ARMOURD TRAIN, WITH CRASH WAGONS IN FRONT IN CASE OF DERAILMENT, PATROLLING A STRETCH OF RAILWAY LINE IN PAHANG.



DANGER AHEAD: COMMUNIST POSTERS ARE SEEN BY THE TRAIN ESCORT AND THE TRAIN IS BROUGHT TO A STANDSTILL WHILE SCOUTS GO TO INVESTIGATE.



EXAMINING THE TRACK WHERE 80 YARDS OF RAIL HAVE BEEN REMOVED AND TELEPHONE WIRES CUT: A PLANTER'S WIFE ARMED WITH A REVOLVER.

Continued.

training special constables, and have turned their estates into strong points which, in turn, are a stabilising influence in the countryside. This self-sufficiency frees troops and police from garrison duties and enables them to maintain aggressive action against



CHEERFULLY AWAITING A RAILWAY REPAIR GANG: A PLANTER AND HIS WIFE, BOTH ARMED, FIND LIFE IN MALAYA STILL SOMETHING TO SMILE ABOUT.

the Communists in the thick jungle that covers over four-fifths of the surface of Malaya. As we show on another page, sometimes a plantation is raided by another kind of "bandit," a wild elephant, which may have to be shot.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

PATRIOTISM, said a very wise person, is not enough. It is a great deal—far more, indeed, than is realised by many who account themselves wise and whom others too often uncritically take at their own inflated valuation. It is so because patriotism, like any other feeling founded on love, can cause men and women to rise far above their normal capacity and to effect what would otherwise be beyond their reach. In other words, it is a source of increased human efficiency: the goal which civic administrators and captains of industry spend so much time and money trying to attain, and in which, if they are to be judged by recent results, they are often conspicuously unsuccessful.

Yet, though this is true of patriotism, the fact remains that by itself it is not enough. For full human efficiency something more is wanted.

Patriotism is based on love, but that love is not all-embracing. Stalin, let us admit it, is a very patriotic man; so, I have no doubt, is Molotov. Yet between them these two remarkable men, animated by a profound love for their country, for its present institutions and for the narrow, intolerant and pedantic ideology of which that country has made itself the champion, have proved a menace to mankind, including the men and women of their own country who to-day, like everyone else in the world, are threatened, as a result of such a narrow, chauvinistic policy, with the nightmare of another destructive, suicidal and utterly unnecessary war. By insisting that their own country must have absolute security at the expense of everyone else's, by arming it to the teeth, by keeping it armed when the rest of the world

had cast aside its arms, and by denouncing every form of divergence from their own policy and views as treachery and baseness of the grossest kind, they have poisoned the wells of international goodwill. Even if war—victorious war—is not their aim, they have done everything that could cause others not of their race and ideology to fear them and resent their claims, even their just claims. They have turned millions of well-wishers into suspicious and angry opponents. If ever there was an illustration of the truth that patriotism is not enough, they have proved it.

This, however, is no reason why we should do the same. We are certainly right to meet Soviet Russia's menace of force with the adoption of a reasonable measure to defend ourselves. I have never been able to share in the contemporary illusion that unilateral disarmament could lead to anything, in the world we inhabit, but certain war. I have been wrong in many things and have often been inconsistent, but in this firmly held and repeatedly expressed view I have been, as I believe, both right and consistent. The spiritual and the physical in time and space cannot be wholly separated; we live in a state of imperfect nature, where the right must, when necessary, be guarded by the sword if it is to prevail. A policeman, it will be

observed, even in the most peaceful and law-abiding communities, carries a truncheon. Yet he carries other weapons, of a spiritual and non-material kind, which are equally indispensable to the establishment of peace and order. He carries the goodwill and the respect for law and order which centuries of striving for it by decent men and women have gradually created. And in the international sphere, while peace needs for its maintenance and defence weapons and brave men trained in their use, it requires also men instinct with the active spirit of peace. It demands not only men ready to suffer and die in its defence and in that of the justice which is the prerequisite of any real peace, but men who actively want to be at peace with their fellow-men, not merely out of fear or self-interest, but because they genuinely wish them well and desire passionately to be friends with them. Unless we are both able to

humanity's present situation—they have not merely to be ready to repel their foes by equal force, they have also got to convert them to their own belief in peace. They have got to do what the Christians of Western Europe did when the armed barbarians were sweeping in on their precarious civilisation in the Dark Ages. They have got both to stand up to their assailants as men and to seek unceasingly, as disciples of Christ, every possible means of reconciling and winning them over to Christ's own creed of human charity, forbearance and loving-kindness. What task could have seemed more hopeless in, let us say, the year A.D. 410? Yet that is just what the great Christians, who saved the precious legacy of Hebrew, Greek and Roman civilisation in those terrible centuries, achieved. They fought back their foes when there was no other way—at Chalons, Tours, Mont Badon. But they did some-

thing far greater: they prevailed on millions to embrace their own healing and creative faith. They did so not by the sword of physical force, but by the immeasurable spiritual power of love. Amid massacre, universal destruction and the blaze of ancient cities, the guardianship of civilisation and learning passed from the defeated Roman Legions and administrators into the hands of the Christians. They alone refused to despair, because the treasure on which their hearts were set was of Heaven, not of earth. With their vision fixed on Eternity, the disasters of their time assumed a juster proportion. As the empire went down in ruins around them, they seemed to say with their Master, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." And though they could not prevent the calamities caused by the follies and

crimes of others, the courage and devotion with which they sought to convert their wild and terrible enemies, saved from the shipwreck of their age something of inestimable value for the future. True to Christ's teaching, they opened their arms to the whole of mankind, destroyer and destroyed. Instead of despising and fearing their foes, they sought to love and redeem them.

Through that wonderful achievement the work of the great Christian saints—Europe, or, as it became called, Christendom, was born. All that we possess of the heritage of human civilisation—that little jewel of light shining through a few score decades out of the brute darkness of man's million years on earth—we owe to those brave, faithful and devoted men and women. Many suffered martyrdom; all triumphed. Their faith and constancy had their reward. Awed by their courage and made human by their Christian-like forbearance, patience and all-embracing charity, the barbarians themselves were conquered, and, forsaking their cruel gods, enlisted under the banner of the Man who had died to redeem, not the elect, but all men. No other triumph recorded in human history can compare with it, and we, in our troubled age, if we could only re-read that familiar, neglected story aright, might find in it a new design of hope and healing for mankind.



AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER IN HONOUR OF MR. WALTER S. GIFFORD, THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: DISTINGUISHED GUESTS SEATED BENEATH A PICTURE OF "THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER FROM SOUTHAMPTON IN 1620."

The new American Ambassador to Britain, Mr. Walter S. Gifford, was guest of honour at the Pilgrims' dinner at the Savoy Hotel, London, on January 9th. In his speech Mr. Gifford said that no one, particularly in the countries behind the Iron Curtain, should be misled into under-estimating the extent of the unity within and between the United States of America and the United Kingdom. He said that the two nations were linked by a fundamental unity as deep and definite as truth itself. Other speakers were Lord Halifax, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Eden and Sir Campbell Stuart. Our photograph shows (seated, facing camera l. to r.) Mr. Eden, Sir Campbell Stuart (chairman), the Lord Mayor (Alderman Denys Lowson), Mr. Bevin, Mr. Gifford, the Earl of Halifax (president), the Lord Chancellor (Viscount Jowitt) and Mr. Jordan (High Commissioner for New Zealand).

stand up to the doctrinaires of the U.S.S.R. yet can simultaneously love and respect them as fellow men and women, the cause of peace is doomed, and we, deservedly, with it. And if anyone asks how, after what has happened, we can love and respect the Russians and their leaders, I can only reply by referring to the teaching of Christ, who never forbade men to use force to restrain a malefactor, but most definitely and repeatedly forbade them to resort to hatred and uncharitableness. It was not the soldier on the battlefield who in the late war was flouting Christ's commandments, but the statesmen—of all countries—who elevated hatred into a principle of policy. It is at once the duty and the unique glory of a Christian that he tries to love his enemies. Merely to love men when they happen to be on the same side as oneself or serving one's own interests is not the hallmark of a Christian at all. Even Hitler loved his friends and supporters. Everyone does.

Something much more positive is required of Christian men and women, and of Christian nations—which are merely political and social aggregates of Christian men and women—if peace, and with it civilisation, are to be preserved. To achieve that victory—the only one worth while in threatened

SUGGESTED AS AN APPROPRIATE THANK-OFFERING TO AMERICA: THE FIRST HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.



WASHINGTON OLD HALL, NEAR DURHAM, THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE MANOR HOUSE OF THE FIRST WASHINGTON FAMILY.



SHOWING ITS DERELICT STATE: WASHINGTON OLD HALL, THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING WHICH STILL CONTAINS PORTIONS OF THE ORIGINAL HOUSE OF 1183.



SEAL OF THREE MULLETS AND TWO BARS ON THE WASHINGTON-BLAKESTON DEED OF 1376. ALL THE BRANCHES OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY BEAR THE "STARS AND STRIPES" ARMS.



GEORGE WASHINGTON CORNER IN WASHINGTON CHURCH: THE SAXON FONT IN WHICH THE EARLIEST GENERATIONS OF WASHINGTONS WERE BAPTISED WAS FOUND IN USE AS A CATTLE TROUGH IN 1865 AND WAS RESCUED AND PLACED IN THE CHURCH. THE PEDESTAL IS NOT CONTEMPORARY WITH THE ANCIENT BOWL.



BOOK-PLATE OF THREE MULLETS AND TWO BARS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1776. THE FIRST PRESIDENT'S COAT-OF-ARMS WAS THE ORIGIN OF THE UNITED STATES FLAG.



THE INTERIOR OF WASHINGTON OLD HALL: A SUPPORTING PILLAR, PORTIONS OF STONE ARCHES, AND OTHER STRUCTURAL REMAINS OF TWELFTH-CENTURY CHARACTER HAVE BEEN FOUND.



ILLUSTRATING ITS DILAPIDATED ASPECT: A VIEW OF WASHINGTON OLD HALL. THE ROOF HAS NOW BEEN MADE WATERTIGHT, BUT NO FUNDS ARE AVAILABLE FOR FURTHER REPAIRS.

The possibility of offering to America a thanksgiving present which would be acceptable to every inhabitant of the United States was put forward in a letter to *The Times* by Mr. Eric Underwood. He suggests that Washington Old Hall, Durham, home of the first man in the world to bear the name, and ancestor of the first President of the United States, should be restored and presented to the City of Washington, D.C., as a museum and shrine situated in England, commemorating George Washington. There are, of course, other houses in England associated with the Washingtons, notably Sulgrave Manor (illustrated in our issue of November 6, 1948), but Washington Old Hall, built on the site of the mansion occupied by William de Hertburn in 1183,

when he purchased the estate and manor of Wessinton, and changed his name to that of his lands, is the cradle of the family. It was occupied by descendants and related families of William Wessinton until 1613; and recent investigations have revealed that portions of the original building still remain. All the branches of the Washington family bore the same coat-of-arms, three mullets and two bars; and it was undoubtedly in honour of the first President that the Americans adopted his arms as the basis of their National Flag. A local committee purchased Washington Old Hall in 1934, when it was condemned as unfit for human habitation, but funds did not allow more than rudimentary restoration. The committee has been reconstituted

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BEHIND THE VIET MINH LINES: SCENES IN TONGKING.



THE SPOILS OF WAR: VIET MINH TROOPS LISTING THE ARMS AND AMMUNITION CAPTURED FROM THE FRENCH IN THE BATTLE OF DONGKHE.



TRAINING IN THE HANDLING OF CAPTURED WEAPONS: VIET MINH TROOPS UNDER INSTRUCTION WITH A NUMBER OF BREN GUNS TAKEN FROM FRENCH FORCES.



EXAMINING A FIELD GUN CAPTURED AT DONGKHE: THE VICTORIOUS REBELS COLLECTING EQUIPMENT FROM THE BATTLEFIELD FOR USE BY THEIR OWN FORCES.



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT POST OF THE VIET MINH FORCES: REBEL TROOPS MANNING A MACHINE-GUN IN READINESS FOR ATTACKS BY LOW-FLYING FRENCH AIRCRAFT.



WHOLEHEARTED SUPPORT OR FORCED LABOUR? NATIVE PORTERS CARRYING AMMUNITION FOR VIET MINH FORCES OVER ROUGH GROUND IN THE TONGKING AREA.



A REBEL ORDERS GROUP IN THE JUNGLE: SCOUTS BEING BRIEFED BEFORE GOING FORWARD TO MAKE CONTACT WITH FRENCH FORCES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.



CAPTURED DURING THE RECENT OFFENSIVE BY VIET MINH FORCES: FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR IN AN IMPROVISED CAGE "SOMEWHERE" IN INDO-CHINA.

Although the rebel Viet Minh forces have obtained arms and ammunition from Chinese Communist sources, their recent successes have also enabled them to equip some of their units with weapons captured from the French. Our photographs were taken on the Tongking front, in the north of Viet Nam, where the rebels claim to have captured "enough arms to equip ten battalions," and have come to us via Peking. The frontier post of Dongkhe was garrisoned by 200 officers and men of the French Foreign Legion who, after a gallant defence, were overwhelmed by a large force of

Viet Minh troops on September 18. It was reported that the French casualties were 50 killed and 100 wounded. The photograph of French prisoners of war is interesting in view of the release of 115 French civilians by Viet Minh on January 10. Most of these internees had been in the hands of Viet Minh since 1946 and were clad in rags and barefooted when released. It was found that many of them were suffering from malaria or beri-beri and had been fed mainly on rice. A batch of 52 prisoners were released in September by Viet Minh.



CAMOUFLAGED WITH LEAVES, WEARING UNIFORMS OF MANY KINDS, AND ARMED MAINLY WITH LIGHT AUTOMATIC WEAPONS: VIET MINH TROOPS READY TO GO INTO ACTION.



SHOWING LIGHT FIELD ARTILLERY, WHICH CAN BE MANHANDLED ACROSS ROUGH COUNTRY FOR USE AGAINST FRENCH OUTPOSTS: A UNIT OF THE VIET MINH REBEL ARMY ON PARADE.

HO CHI MINH'S MEN: UNITS OF THE REBEL VIET MINH ARMY ON PARADE IN TONGKING.

Not only in Korea but in Indo-China the mobility of native forces has played a large part in their striking successes against better-equipped but "road-bound" opponents. Our photographs show typical Viet Minh units of the type which have pressed back the French from the frontier and in some cases have overwhelmed

the French outposts. Armed with light automatic weapons, and with field-guns which can be manhandled over rough country, the Viet Minh troops have been able to achieve surprise and establish local superiority at chosen points, and each new success has brought added strength in captured arms and materials.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IT'S a pleasant thing to be immensely rich. I speak as one having authority. For close on two years, until last autumn, I was enormously rich—in Farmers' Delight—

better known as farmyard manure. The source of all this wealth was a farmyard adjoining my garden, which I bought. During the last six months before I took possession, the yard had harboured mountains of straw—successive mountains—and a mob of heifers, who processed the straw industriously and most thoroughly. In the end, the heifers went, and the manure was carted away. But not all of it. The farmer generously offered to leave some for my garden. He left what turned out to be round about forty loads; a flea-bite to what he had carted away, but far more than I needed or could possibly use, and so—his greed being greater than mine, and his need greater, too—I gave the bulk of my sumptuous heap to my son. For nearly two years my garden revelled in a reckless orgy of nourishment.

This autumn, however, my manure heap had dwindled from a mountain to a mole-hill. My capital gone, I was reduced from immense riches to comparative poverty, and it seemed a good idea to take thought for the morrow. Fortunately, a garden has the gift of spontaneously generating rich dividends in the form of waste vegetation, which only needs scraping together and stacking to become capital—Gardeners' Relish—compost. So I started a compost-heap and, as all compost addicts know, it's a fascinating occupation. All one requires is some sort of bin or container into which every sort of garden and household rubbish is packed to rot down into synthetic "farmyard": cabbage-stalks, pea and bean tops, potato haulms, lawn mowings, hedge trimmings, tea-leaves, and every sort of vegetable waste from the kitchen, waste-paper—in moderation and well distributed—contributions from the chicken-house, and, as the late C. H. Middleton once advised—surplus kittens. In fact, anything, animal or vegetable, that is capable of rotting.

There are a few fundamental principles to be observed in ordering a compost heap, and a few refinements that are worth indulging in. The heap should have some sort of retaining sides to keep it compact. A square bin constructed of corrugated iron or boards is an easy solution, and one side should be removable so that the compost may be taken out for use when ripe. There should, if possible, be some sort of roofing to ward off excessive rain. Water there must be to help the rotting process, but it is best to supply this by can or hose, and have the quantity under control. The rubbish that goes into the heap should be well mixed, like the ingredients of a cake. A thin layer of soil at intervals of 6 ins. or so, as the pile rises, is recommended, and a sprinkling of lime should be added at the same time. It is said to keep the compost "sweet" and correct over-acidity. Personally, I keep a thin iron rod plunged deep into the heart of the compost heap by way of a thermometer. One can draw the rod out and feel it with the hand to find whether the heat of fermentation and rotting is waxing or waning. It is astonishing what great heat is generated, even after a few days, if the compost is just sufficiently moist. When the heap begins to cool down, all should be taken out, turned, and restacked, with the outside material, which has rotted least, in the centre. The time required to rot all down into finished compost varies according to the nature of the rubbish used, but compost ripe for use should be short and mellow, and should have the not unpleasant smell of a wholesome farmyard manure heap. If any extra tough and woody cabbage stalks remain still unrotted when the main bulk of the compost is ripe, they may be put aside to be finished off in the next batch.

GARDENERS' RELISH.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

In the matter of a site for my composting operations I am fortunate. In the shade of a fine middle-aged yew-tree, not thirty yards from my house, and in the most conspicuous spot in all the garden, is one of those small garden buildings which are usually tucked away with becoming modesty. Why it was built there heaven only knows. But I have learned not to let it embarrass me. When pure-minded lady visitors ask me what that pretty little building

outbuilding. My factory was piled to the roof with this treasure, and the heat generated was terrific. In a week or two, however, it settled and sank to half its original volume, and more potential capital was heaped on. Other contributions were a couple of dozen half-rotted sacks discovered in the wood shed, a stack of out-of-date technical journals, and a runner-duck killed beyond household use by a fox.

I have said that making compost is a fascinating occupation. So fascinating is it that there is danger of its becoming an obsession, a mania. Raymond Bush spoke true words when he said that folk who became compost-minded are apt to become *non-compos*. I have known dear, gentle ladies who, having no garden of their own, and so neither need nor facilities for making compost, have yet read about the stuff and its vital importance in horticulture, and so become rabid missionaries in the good cause. Perhaps this is all to the good, for organic manure, as opposed to chemical or what are called "artificial" manures, is of enormous importance, and compost can go far in making up for the present-day shortage of stable and farmyard manure. Chemical manures, nitrate of soda and the rest, are valuable if used with knowledge and reasonable restraint, but the use of artificials without some sort of organic manure as well, is surely akin to a diet of meat extracts and vegetable essences without bread, vegetables—and a weekly snippet of nice ewe mutton. The civil war between compost enthusiasts and chemical manure addicts seems to me rather a pity, especially when the composters make extravagant claims which are without scientific proof, and hint darkly at a sinister conspiracy between scientists and chemical manufacturers. Preach compost by all means, for organic manure truly is of vital importance in both food and flower production. And make your garden and household rubbish, every scrap of it, into compost, instead of reducing it to ashes on the garden bonfire. Burning garden rubbish is almost as silly as burning Treasury notes. It's your garden capital. Almost I would suggest that garden bonfires should be made a penal offence, like arson.

One other benefit I now derive from converting my little stone building. When asked what it is, I no longer say that it's *not* a summer-house. I explain that it's a Gardeners' Relish factory. Alternatively, I can say that it's the strong-room where I bank my capital—banked almost to the roof.



WIELDING THE "WIDGER": A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. CLARENCE ELLIOTT, AT WORK IN HIS ALPINE HOUSE IN THE COTSWOLDS.

Mr. Elliott, who began to write the weekly garden feature "In An English Garden" in *The Illustrated London News* on September 10, 1949, has a character and quality as a writer on gardening and kindred subjects all his own; and the width of his experience is equalled by the incisiveness of his mind. That experience covers plant exploration in Chile, Patagonia, the Falkland Islands, and mountainous countries nearer home; fruit farming in South Africa; the foundation and development of the famous Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage; and much writing, including the editing of John's "Flowers of the Field," and the authorship of the invaluable "Rock Garden Plants." The "Widger" he is wielding in the photograph is an instrument of his own design, invaluable for planting out seedlings and "tickling up" the surface of plant-pots; and is not to be confused with any mythical nautical gadget.

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

is, I just say it's *not* a summer-house and leave it at that. The odd thing is, it is rather a pretty little building, about 10 ft. square, and built of Cotswold stone. Just the very thing for a compost factory. The first thing was to initiate my part-time gardener into the rites and mysteries of composting, an art which he had never before practised. He at once became an enthusiast.

A start was made with two great heaps of rough orchard grass which had been scythed, piled and left. Then there were one or two garden rubbish heaps, weeds, vegetable refuse, etc., waiting—in default of a compost heap—to be burnt and reduced to a handful of ashes, instead of a barrow-load of nourishing compost. A noble contribution was a forest of sweet corn trunks still standing. But above all was a great accumulation of sweepings from the poultry-house which I had stored in the dry in an



INDOMITABLY CONFIDENT IN THE APPROACH OF SPRING: SNOWDROPS PIERCING IN THE SNOW—AN EXTRAORDINARY EXAMPLE OF BEAUTY COMBINED WITH PERFECT PHYSICAL ADAPTATION TO A SINGLE PURPOSE.

THE WINTER SPORTS TIME IN SWITZERLAND: WINNERS AND COMPETITORS IN SKI-ING EVENTS.



(ABOVE.) THE BRITISH "DOWNHILL ONLY" TEAM WITH THEIR TRAINER AT THE BELLE VUE HOTEL, LITTLE SCHEIDEGG: M. RANKIN, D. RUSSELL, M. B. HANKEY, O. GERTSCH (TRAINER), D. CORNWALL, N. GARDNER AND P. FANGHANEL (CAPTAIN) (L. TO R.) AND (R.) JOHN BOYAGIS, BRITISH SKI CHAMPION 1951.



GLORIOUS SUNSHINE AND GOOD SNOW CONDITIONS FOR THE BRITISH SKI RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIP AT WENGEN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE SLALOM RACING.



RECEIVING THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" CHALLENGE CUP FROM MISS MARY ANNE BERRY: NIGEL GARDNER, AGED SEVENTEEN.



WINNER OF THE BRITISH JUNIOR SKI CHAMPIONSHIP: MARTIN SULLIVAN (LEFT), SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD WELLINGTONIAN, WITH N. J. GALPIN, B. BENITZ, P. J. TORRENS AND J. LAKEMAN.

Sunshine and winter sports combine to make a Swiss winter holiday a glorious vacation, and this year the increased currency allowance relieves British visitors of financial anxiety. Forthcoming events in Switzerland include the Swiss Ski Championship week at Adelboden from February 4 to 12, first occasion on which all the championships of the Swiss Skiing Association are to be held in one week. On this page we give photographs of competitors in recent events. Mr. John Boyagis,



BRITISH WOMEN SKI-ERS WITH MR. ARNOLD LUNN; MISS S. DANIELL, MISS V. MACKINTOSH, MISS S. MACKINTOSH AND MISS H. LAING, WINNER OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT CUP (L. TO R.).

twenty-two-year-old British Army and Inter-Services champion, won the British Ski Championship at Wengen. The sixteen-year-old Etonian, R. Hooper, did remarkably well to gain third place in this event. He was beaten by one second by Nigel Gardner, seventeen-year-old Haileybury schoolboy, in the *Daily Graphic* Challenge Cup for boys under nineteen. The first Duchess of Kent Cup race at Grindelwald was won by Miss H. Laing (G.B.), with Miss S. Mackintosh (G.B.) second.

A RUSSIAN LITERARY GIANT.

"PUSHKIN. HIS LIFE AND TIMES"; By Henri Troyat.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE have been waves of interest in Russian literature in this country ever since the 'eighties of the last century. Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Turgeniev, Gogol, Gorki, Aksakov, Tchekov and many lesser men have been freely, in some instances fully, translated: the Russian novel and the Russian drama are as much a part of our landscape as Russian music. But one of the greatest writers, perhaps the greatest, in the Russian mind, has been little talked of, namely, Pushkin. On his "Boris Godunoff" and "Eugen Onegin" are based the librettos of operas by Moussorgsky and Tchaikovsky; but if these works are mentioned to English people they are likelier to remember Chaliapin the singer than Pushkin the author. His great short-story "The Queen of Spades" was also turned into an opera by Tchaikovsky and recently performed (for the first time in English) at Covent Garden. It was also, I believe, made into a film a year or two ago: I trust that it wasn't butchered like "King Solomon's Mines"; but it is likely that to the mass of goggling gapers who go to the Films the name of Pushkin will simply be one of a long unremembered list of names of coral-insect contributors to the film's magnitude, such as Hermann S. Whackebacker, Montgomery Levi, and Joe E. Dong, all specialists in what-have-you. In England, though to educated people his name is familiar—and a sketchy notion of his career—he is an extremely vague figure. Yet in Russia, according to the jacket on this book, "he is venerated much as Shakespeare is here." That phrase indicates the gulf: who here could "venerate" a blend of Byron and Burns, more excitable and sexually promiscuous than either, an incorrigible duellist, a little wild man who no sooner saw a girl than he wanted to seduce her, but was insanely jealous of his wife, and, proud of his six centuries of "nobility," was always conscious of sneers because everybody knew that, owing to a descent from Czar Peter's negro slave, he had black blood. They called this Byron-Burns "the African," and his African blood boiled. He had only one-eighth of it, but that was quite enough for him and his enemies. And it doesn't explain everything: there have been plenty of mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons who have been less troublesome and troubled than he. And Russia in transition between one age and another, and hesitating between one continent and another, was quite capable of throwing up odd and violent characters without any help from the Sons of Ham. If Pushkin hadn't been such a general nuisance his

sympathy with the humble. "Lives" of bad men "all remind us," alas, that they are interesting in proportion as they are deplorable: and there is no doubt that M. Troyat (a Frenchman brought up in Russia) has an enthralling story to tell and has made it as exciting as a first-class novel. The trouble



ALEXANDER PUSHKIN, 1799-1837, THE SUBJECT OF THE BIOGRAPHY BY HENRI TROYAT, TRANSLATED BY RANDOLPH T. WEAVER, WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

(Reproduced from the book "Pushkin. His Life and Times"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Victor Gollancz, Ltd.) The two lower illustrations are not from the book.

about Pushkin is that his great reputation in Russia is based mainly on his lyrical poetry, and that here is unknown. In form he broke up the frigid Frenchified "classicism" and Dresden pastoralism which seem to have been as prevalent in Russia as they were here before the Romantics got to work; and in substance he shocked and bewitched others by making intimate contact with the essence of historic Russian life and legend. Lyrical poetry, by its very nature, is the most difficult of all to translate, and any translator who is not a poet in his own right is wasting his time attempting it: there are some very poor examples in this book of what happens to the rash renderer who thinks that a knowledge of the Russian language is enough. Unfortunately, English poets have not known Russian and, except in translation, few English people are able to read Russian authors. Heine, Dante and Villon would be familiar and famous here had no single translation from them ever been made: their languages have been widely cultivated here as part of a general education. Instead of being left to the few who need them for professional or commercial purposes. But between us and Russian lyric poetry there is an Iron Curtain; and Pushkin's magnitude as a poet we must take on trust from the Russians, who have granted him pre-eminence for over a century.

In view of his life it isn't too easy to believe in his great genius. There have been wild poets, and dissipated ones, and revolutionary ones, but there has never been another like Pushkin. Except for

a ferocious pride there seems to have been nothing stable about him. His adventures are incredible and his character incomprehensible. He raced through a career of mingled tragedy, melodrama and French farce with no perceptible fixed objects or standards. He continually defied an Emperor who several times saved him from the consequences of his follies; and he consorted with conspirators who never dared to trust him with a secret. It is possible that sheer exasperation may have accounted for some of his actions: he wanted to go abroad but was never allowed to, though with exile within Russia he was acquainted well enough. What would have happened had he been let out of Russia one can only guess. Some may think that he might have been a great absorber and transmitter of Western culture. It is equally likely that he would have made himself unpopular all over the place by his indiscriminate Don Juanism and written scurrilous lampoons about his hosts, for he had a great talent for being affronted. And, possibly, he might have ended as he did end: killed in the last of a long series of duels. But with all his excesses he had one great advantage over most of his contemporaries and successors in Russia: he was not depressing.

M. Troyat, at the end of a book which gives vivid pictures of a man and a society—that transitional Russian society which has passed for ever—summarises his work in a paragraph which emphasises that. "For his own compatriots," he says, "Pushkin's work has long since become an integral part of their national heritage. It has long since entered into the culture, the speech, the daily life of the Russian people. In spite of changing fashions, in spite of changing governments and social orders, the poet represents for Russians the embodiment of their lasting and most personal memories. In him they find again the eternal image of their native land: its horizons, its interminable roads, its sleighs gliding swiftly through the snow in the moonlight, its sunlight sifting down through the lindens in a country town, the smell of tea, the laughter of young girls. They sense in him the nation's soul, which is not morbid and disenchanted, as too many foreigners are prone to think from reading the great Russian novelists, but extraordinarily gay, healthy and naïve. In contrast to Dostoevsky, Tchekhov, Gogol and Turgeniev, Pushkin's ideas are tonic and constructive. His conception of life reminds one of the masters of the Renaissance. His love of life is such that it makes one want to live. Pushkin loved life frenziedly, imprudently. It is because he loved life too much that he died so soon." An instructive passage: though, in the circumstances, I can't make sense of the last sentence.

Except for a small book written twenty-five years



SCENE OF THE DUEL IN WHICH PUSHKIN WAS FATALLY WOUNDED IN 1837: CHERNAYA-RECHKA, NEAR ST. PETERSBURG (LENINGRAD). PUSHKIN'S OPPONENT WAS BARON D'ANTHES, WITH WHOM HIS WIFE WAS IN LOVE.

ancestor, the gigantic black General, would probably never have been brought up against him. For all his genius he was really a "bad lot."

But it hasn't been his deplorable character which has militated against his fame here—and he certainly had redeeming virtues, including courage and a



"I SHALL NOT WHOLLY DIE": PUSHKIN'S GRAVE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE FORMER MONASTERY OF THE HOLY MOUNTAIN. HE WAS BURIED NEAR HIS MOTHER, HIS GRANDFATHER AND HIS GRANDMOTHER HANNIBAL.

ago by Prince D. S. Mirsky, I believe this to be the first on Pushkin to appear in English. It is a remarkably full one and especially well documented. It is strange that after all these years M. Troyat should have been able to print several letters relating to the duel and the death which have never before been published.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 110 of this issue.

* "Pushkin. His Life and Times: A Biography." By Henri Troyat. Translation by Randolph T. Weaver. With a Portrait. (Gollancz; 21s.)



THE LAST SURVIVOR OF A GROUP OF GREAT TWENTIETH-CENTURY NOVELISTS: MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, WHO IS TO BROADCAST A SELECTION OF HIS OWN SHORT STORIES FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is the last of the great group of twentieth-century authors who include H. G. Wells, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett and Chesterton. Born in 1874, his literary career extends over a long period. "Liza of Lambeth" was published in 1897, and "Catalina" in 1948, while an impressive series of successful novels lies between them. His plays include "Our Betters" (1923), "The Circle" (1921), and "The Letter" (1927). The current revival at Wyndham's of "Home

and Beauty," first produced in 1919, is proving that its satirical wit is undimmed by the years. Mr. Maugham has arranged to broadcast for the first time some of his fiction, and Light Programme listeners on January 23, February 6 and 20 will hear recordings of him reading "The Ant and the Grasshopper," "Raw Material," "The Wash-Tub," "The Luncheon" and "Salvatore," all written for *The Cosmopolitan* and published in this country in a volume called *Cosmopolitans* in 1936.

EXCLUSIVE PORTRAIT STUDY BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.

BRITISH TROOPS AND TANKS IN KOREA: SCENES OF THE WITHDRAWAL FROM SEOUL.



BRITISH CENTURION TANKS MOVING SOUTHWARDS OUT OF THE OSAN AREA OF SOUTH KOREA, BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE FOR WONJU.



A BRITISH CHURCHILL TANK MOVING UP IN CENTRAL KOREA, PAST A GROUP OF UNITED NATIONS SOLDIERS, INTO A NEW POSITION TO RESIST THE COMMUNIST DRIVE.



BRITISH CENTURION TANKS ON SUWON AIRFIELD, COVERING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE AIRSTRIP AND INSTALLATIONS AND THE WITHDRAWAL OF U.N. FORCES.



BRITISH 25-PDR. GUN DETACHMENTS FIRING TO COVER A U.N. WITHDRAWAL. IT WILL BE NOTED THE GUN-TOWERS ARE IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO WITHDRAW THE GUNS.



MEN OF THE ROYAL ULSTER RIFLES, PART OF THE COMMONWEALTH 29TH BRIGADE, MARCHING THROUGH SUWON, PAST A PLODDING LINE OF REFUGEES.



WITH ONE OF THE EVER-PRESENT FILES OF HOPELESS REFUGEES MOVING PAST, TWO BRITISH CENTURION TANKS AND THEIR CREWS PAUSE FOR A SHORT REST.

THE British troops in Korea are in two brigades; the Argyll and Sutherland's Middlesex Regiment in the British Commonwealth 27th Brigade, which also contains Australian troops—this was the first British brigade to arrive in Korea; the other brigade, the Commonwealth 29th, consists of Royal Ulster Rifles, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and Gloucesters. This latter brigade was in some very heavy fighting on January 3, when it was covering the retreat from Seoul, and an engagement, in which two companies of the Royal Ulster Rifles and supporting tanks were involved, was perhaps the fiercest in which British troops in Korea have taken part, the Ulsters at one point fixing bayonets and charging the Chinese. Twelve British tanks, including *Churchills* and *Covenants*, but not *Centurions*, were lost in steep hills, slippery with ice and snow. U.S. helicopters were used in withdrawing British wounded. This engagement took place on the Kaesong road about 10 miles north of Seoul, which was abandoned by the U.N. forces on January 4.



THE MOST TRAGIC FEATURE OF THE KOREAN WAR: THOUSANDS OF TERROR-STRICKEN REFUGEES JAMMING THE ROADS ACROSS THE PADDY-FIELDS SOUTH OF SEOUL.



(ABOVE.) KOREAN REFUGEES IN SUWON STATION, WHERE CROWDS TIED THEMSELVES TO AN OVERLOADED FREIGHT TRAIN; AND (INSET LEFT) CHECKING REFUGEES' BUNDLES WITH A MINE-DETECTOR.

WITH the fall of Seoul, it is stated, 1,000,000 out of the city's population of 1,200,000 took to the road and fled south-westwards before the Chinese advance; and the total number of refugees was thought to be somewhere in the region of 2,000,000. An example of their numbers and their mood is that at Yongdung rail junction 20,000 refugees crowded into a space 100 yards wide and half a mile long waiting for a chance to clamber on to goods trains, to the footboards and roofs of which they tied themselves with cords and wires. To most of them Pusan was the goal of their flight, but this town already held about a quarter of a million refugees, and if, as seemed likely, it became the centre of the United Nations' foothold in Korea, the great masses of destitute refugees would undoubtedly become a major handicap to the United Nations forces.

THE GREATEST TRAGEDY OF THE KOREAN WAR: THE HOPELESS FLIGHT OF TWO MILLION REFUGEES.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THEORY AND PRACTICE IN KOREA.-I.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

(a) "Late in the evening of 5 September [1944], General Walker returned from the meeting at the Third Army headquarters with the long-awaited word to resume the offensive. He hurriedly phoned his divisions and relayed the news, adding that the orders from General Patton 'will take us all the way to the Rhine. . . .' The XX Corps headquarters and higher intelligence echelons had relatively little information about the strengths and dispositions of the German forces along the Moselle."

(b) "Patton's dictum that 'the flanks can take care of themselves' required considerable revision in the last weeks of the campaign. By-passing the enemy and operating with open flanks had proved successful in periods of rapid advance, but as the Third Army neared the Sarre and the offensive slowed to an 'infantry pace' any cavalier disregard for the flanks became the exception rather than the rule. In this connection, however, it must be remarked that the strength of the German forces opposing the Third Army did not, after September, allow counter-attacks on any large scale."

These quotations are from the official history of the United States Third Army's campaign in Lorraine, which came into my hands through the kindness of the historian himself.* One refers to the start; the other comes from a final summary. The two men mentioned, a great army commander and his corps commander, one of his ablest disciples, are dead. The second died last month—like General Patton, in a road accident—in command of the Eighth Army in Korea, deeply regretted by his troops. If these quotations have been chosen as the basis of some remarks on strategy and tactics, with special reference to the United Nations offensive in Korea on November 24, and if they suggest tentatively some criticism of the theory

Eighth Army "all the way to the Yalu." Let us say that the intelligence services knew a little more about the strength and disposition of the Chinese in North Korea than they did about those of the Germans in Lorraine in September, 1944, but—what was much more important—knew nothing about their intentions or their fighting power. There is a certain similarity between the two situations. In favour of the conduct of the campaign by the Third Army in Lorraine it must, however, be noted, when the two are compared, that it had no reason to expect the Germans to be capable of strong counter-attacks, and that it was correct so far in its appreciation. It could reasonably afford to take certain risks. This does not apply to the situation of the Eighth Army in Korea last November. Even in Lorraine it was to be a long time before the orders took the Third Army all the way to the Rhine. Can we trace here the lines of a school of thought and subject it to an examination possessing any value not only with respect to Korea, but to modern warfare in general? If so, and if we find some need for qualification in it, then, once again, that is not denying its importance or the virtues of those who profess it.

It is a doctrine of the offensive; so far, so good. It is a doctrine of the offensive which preaches that the thrust-point should swerve past centres of resistance and penetrate

doctrine which the creator himself had never undertaken in such doubtful circumstances. Within a matter of hours rather than days, the Eighth Army was in precipitate retreat.

Once in a blue moon an enterprising and imaginative commander may find means to induce his opponent to fancy himself beaten when in fact he is not. In all other cases he will have to fight a battle in order to beat him, and in default of the most exact and reliable information, he will be taking great risks if he despises him in advance or assumes dispositions which are the equivalent of contempt. He will, in fact, be wiser to credit his opponent with the intention of reacting vigorously, and to ask himself in what form such reaction is likely to take, what dangers lie in it, and how it can be cancelled out—sometimes a slight change in dispositions will provide a new balance, so that, without committing any troops to the sole task of watching for dangers which may prove imaginary, the array may be such as will prevent interference with his plans. Consideration of how to attain such dispositions should be one of the stages of his planning for the offensive. The Patton theory of war is magnificent from the point of view of the commander who has got on top through manoeuvre and fighting, or who has started on top because of the inferiority of the enemy. A strong and unshaken enemy who refuses to be impressed by it when it is tried upon him prematurely may actually find that the attacker has handed him the means of success.

It seems possible also that overstressing of this doctrine may contribute to the spread of the military disease, prevalent in modern armies of the most highly developed states, for which there is no noun but the adjective for which is "road-bound." It becomes engrained in the mind of subordinate leaders that the best method of waging war



"... THE MILITARY DISEASE, PREVALENT IN MODERN ARMIES OF THE MOST HIGHLY DEVELOPED STATES, FOR WHICH THERE IS NO NOUN BUT THE ADJECTIVE FOR WHICH IS 'ROAD-BOUND.'": A COLUMN OF UNITED NATIONS TRUCKS, JEEPS AND TANKS MOVING SOUTH, ALONG A ROAD IN HILLY COUNTRY IN NORTH-EAST KOREA.

of war associated with these names, this implies no disrespect for two fine soldiers. If a student of philosophy were to review a treatise on the subject and put forward some qualifications to the views expressed, he would not necessarily be denying that the exponent was a great philosopher. He might admire him; and I admire Generals Patton and Walker. This article concerns only the offensive towards the Yalu. It is my intention to follow it with another dealing with the strategy and tactics of the subsequent retreat.

Those whose memory of the Second World War has become blurred may like to be reminded that Patton's Third Army, after the break-out from Normandy, thrust eastward with great rapidity till it became immobilised for lack of fuel. The situation in this respect was restored relatively quickly, and the offensive was resumed. Meanwhile, however, the German command had effected a praiseworthy reorganisation. General Patton expected the new phase to resemble that which had gone before. In fact, however, it proved to be of a very different kind. Big sweeping advances, where attempted, were checked, and the Lorraine campaign became marked by attacks with limited objectives and heavy fire concentrations, almost on the lines of those of the First World War, though on a smaller scale. A repulse was suffered at Fort Driant, near Metz, by the corps commanded by General Walker. Matters were going well again when an incident with which General Patton had nothing to do, the German *riposte* in the Ardennes, brought his offensive to an end again. It was only after this crisis had been surmounted that the deep armoured thrusts which made so strong an impression on the watching world were successfully renewed.

Let us for a moment replace the Rhine by the Yalu, and say that in Korea the orders were expected to take the

deeply behind them, disrupting the enemy's communications, slicing his array into sections, cutting his lines of retreat, aiming at the most optimistic objectives; so far, even better. It is based on determination to "dictate the law," as Clausewitz puts it, to the enemy, to force him to conform to the will of the attacker, to refuse him permission to fight on his own plan. It recognises the profound truth that when the enemy's main forces are reeling under heavy blows the action of his outlying forces, though they themselves are not under attack, is a relatively minor consideration. Yes, but the doctrine of imposing one's will on the enemy must not be carried so far that he is disregarded altogether, that his reactions are despised or left out of account. It ought not to lead the commander to set about exploiting success before he knows that he has won it in sufficient measure. And there I confess I do see a danger in the Patton doctrine if carried to extremes, and I fancy I see an extreme instance of it in the nature of the advance towards the Yalu last November.

Where General Patton's armoured sweeps were successful was, first, after a great victory had been won in the break-out battles in Normandy and the enemy had been thoroughly disorganised, and, secondly, when the enemy had been completely defeated in the battles west of the Rhine and worn down to a mere shadow of his former strength. In Korea a victory had been won over the North Koreans, but the newly-arrived Chinese armies were fresh and intact. This was a new enemy, and for the moment the only one to be considered. Yet the Eighth Army advanced against them as though they hardly existed, or represented the beaten remnant of an army. It and the independent Corps on the eastern side of the peninsula moved in widely separated columns and were connected with each other only by South Korean troops so thinly spread as to constitute no more than a screen; and the right flank of the Eighth Army had to "take care of itself." It was an operation of exploitation when there was, in fact, nothing tangible to exploit. It was an application of the Patton

is to sweep along the roads at high speed, smashing everything met with upon them and disregarding everything but them. That again may be the thing to do at the right time; we all recall the British dash from the Seine to Belgium and Holland, which took no account of the Germans outside the axis of the advance. If, however, troops come to consider that driving along in tanks and lorries is the only form of land warfare, their transport may become almost as much a handicap as an aid to their tactical mobility. And when it comes to defence, troop-carrying transport may be of little use to the troops except to carry them from one position to the next. Nothing has been more striking than the experience of the campaign in Korea about the need for good infantrymen, able to fight and manoeuvre individually. They are not to be found among troops trained only to move from place to place in trucks and never going farther than they can help from the road.

What I have written about infantry has particular application to Asiatic warfare. It was in Asia that so many humiliating defeats were suffered at the hands of the Japanese in the earlier stages of the late war, and it is in Asia there have been so many reverses, great and small, since the war. Yet, as my quotations from the history of the Lorraine campaign are designed to make clear, my general thesis is not confined to the conditions of any particular theatre or terrain. A general may go "swanning," as it used to be called in Patton's day, in Europe or Asia, and suffer for his presumption in either if he has underrated his enemy; in fact, he is likely to get into worse trouble in Europe than in many parts of Asia, where jungle shields his movements from view. Heaven forbid that any word written here should be discouraging to enterprise and initiative, which General Patton did so much to restore to their proper rôle in war. Nor is there any claim for infallibility in these comments. What is hoped from them is that they will provide some fresh material for the mind. There is a tendency in military affairs for ideas which have rightly become fashionable to become excessively so.

* "United States Army in World War II: The Lorraine Campaign." By H. M. Cole. Historical Division, Department of the Army, Washington, D.C.

AUSTRALASIAN NEWS; FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN ITEMS; AND A COMBAT CAR.

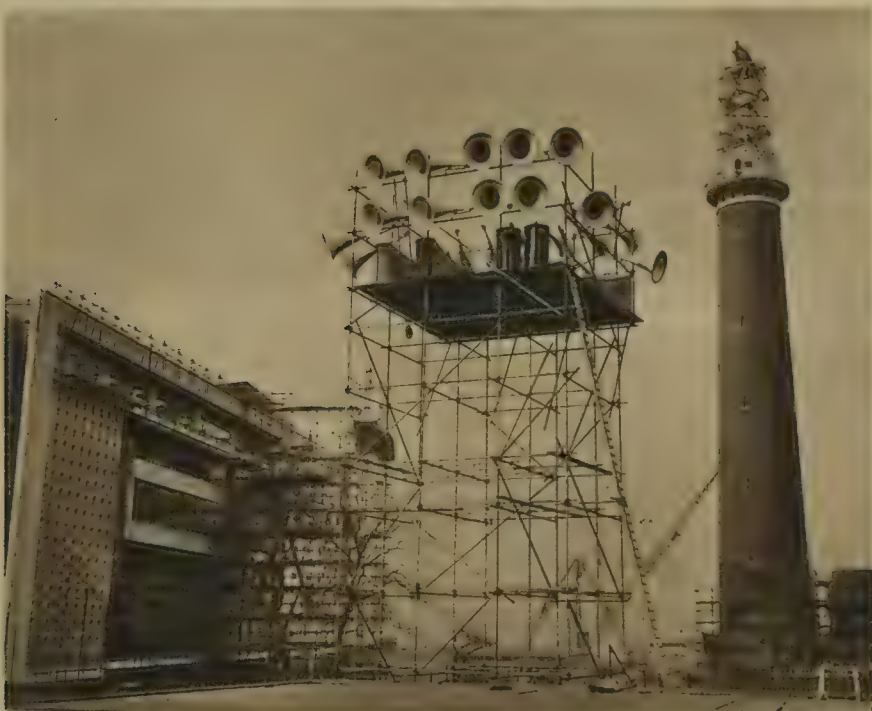


AUSTRALIA RETAINS THE ASHES: A SECTION OF THE CROWD AT THE PADDINGTON END OF THE SYDNEY CRICKET GROUND BEFORE THE START OF THE SECOND DAY'S PLAY IN THE THIRD TEST MATCH.

Australia beat England on January 9 in the third Test Match by an innings and 13 runs and, winning the rubber, retains the Ashes. About 30,000 spectators were present on the final day and a total of 180,190 saw the match. Australia won the first Test Match at Brisbane by 70 runs and the second at Melbourne by 28 runs.



A DISASTER IN WHICH TWENTY-TWO PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES: THE WRECKAGE OF THE LAUNCH *RANUI*, WHICH CAPSIZED OFF TAURANGA HARBOUR ON DECEMBER 28. Twenty-two persons lost their lives and there was one survivor when a 45-ft. launch, the *Ranui*, capsized and went on the rocks near the entrance to Tauranga Harbour, North Island, New Zealand, on December 28. Surf patrolmen dived into high seas in their efforts to rescue the occupants of the launch.



MUSIC FOR THE MULTITUDE: A BATTERY OF LOUDSPEAKERS, FOR RELAYING INFORMATION AND MUSIC TO VISITORS AT THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION, ERECTED ON A TEST TOWER ON THE SITE, SHOWING (LEFT) THE NEW CONCERT HALL.



FOR THE ENTRANCE OF THE TRAVELLING FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION: 10-FT.-HIGH LETTERS WHICH WILL APPEAR ON TRANSPARENT PANELS ILLUMINATED BY MULTI-COLOURED SEARCHLIGHTS.

These 10-ft.-high letters will be seen over the Festival of Britain Exhibition which will tour the provinces, and will be illuminated by seven multi-coloured searchlights. The exhibition will take seventeen days to erect in each town and is to be carried in 300 lorries from place to place.



BY ROAD TO THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: A 660-H.P. DIESEL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE MADE IN BRITAIN FOR TASMANIA ON ITS WAY TO LONDON.

Because its gauge is unsuited to the British permanent way, a diesel-electric locomotive which has been made in Lancashire for Tasmania and is to be exhibited for eight months at the Festival of Britain Exhibition, has been brought south by road on a special truck.



A NEW MILITARY CARGO-CARRIER WITH A HIGH CROSS-COUNTRY PERFORMANCE: THE 1-TON COMBAT VEHICLE SHOWING AT "A" THE RETRACTING GEAR FOR THE SUSPENSION. The Ministry of Supply have ordered a number of new 1-ton combat vehicles for the Services. Designed jointly by the Ministry and the Rootes Group, the vehicles are to be used mainly as cargo-carriers in forward areas where a high cross-country performance is necessary.



A VIEW OF THE THAMES WE SHALL NEVER SEE AGAIN: A PRE-WAR DRAWING OF LONDON'S RIVER FROM CHARING CROSS BRIDGE, SHOWING THE DEMOLITION OF OLD WATERLOO BRIDGE IN PROGRESS AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE RED LION BREWERY WHICH WAS PULLED DOWN IN PREPARATION FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN.

The drawing in black chalk by Sir Muirhead Bone reproduced on these pages was made before the war, and shows an aspect of the Thames from Charing Cross Bridge which at first sight appears to represent a vista of the London of to-day. But a closer inspection reveals that possibly nowhere else in the great metropolis has there been so much change in the last decade. In the foreground is a square-rigged vessel, originally the *Friend Ship* and later the H.Q. of the Seven Seas Club. She was condemned in 1941 and removed from her moorings. After

October 1952, trams will no longer be seen on the Embankment—two routes were discontinued in October last year, and four on January 6-7 this year—and another feature of this familiar scene will be gone. In the background can be seen the temporary bridge which carried foot and vehicular traffic while Rennie's masterpiece was being demolished and, in our drawing, only the piers of the old bridge remain. Mr. Herbert Morrison lifted the first stone from the old Waterloo Bridge on June 20, 1934, and the construction of the new bridge began in

October, 1937. On May 4, 1939, the foundation stone was laid by Mr. F. C. R. Douglas, then Chairman of the Highways and Main Drainage Committee. Copies of *The Illustrated London News* and other papers were placed in a copper cylinder and deposited in the foundation stone. The new Waterloo Bridge was in partial use by August, 1942, and in full use in November, 1944. Mr. Herbert Morrison formally opened the new bridge on December 10, 1945. The temporary bridge which had been in position since 1925 was removed in 1944. The preparations

for the Festival of Britain have brought great changes to the south bank of the river. The Shot Tower remains, but it is now topped by an anti-aircraft gun mounting which will be used to carry apparatus for sending signals to the moon. The Red Lion brewery has been demolished, and the new Concert Hall has arisen to become a permanent feature of this London landscape. The Thames itself has changed its boundaries, for a new river wall, 1700 ft. long, and from 60 to 140 ft. in width, has been built along the Festival frontage.

FROM A DRAWING IN BLACK CHALK BY SIR MUIRHEAD BONE, D.LITT. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI AND CO., LTD.

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: A SCRAPBOOK OF TOPICAL EVENTS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



LENT BY THE FRENCH RAILWAYS FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: A LOCOMOTIVE BUILT IN 1843 BY TWO BRITISH RAILWAY PIONEERS, ARRIVING IN LONDON. A locomotive which was built over 100 years ago by two British railway pioneers, William Allcard and William Buddicom, has been lent by the French Railways for the Festival of Britain. It will be on view at the South Bank Exhibition. Recently overhauled in France, it is still in running order after more than a century of service. Our photograph shows the train arriving, under its own steam, at Bricklayers Arms Station, Old Kent Road, London. The engine has been freshly painted red and green.



THE PRESENTATION OF CONGRESSIONAL MEDALS OF HONOUR FOR GALLANTRY IN KOREA: MR. TRUMAN AND MR. FRANK PACE, WITH THE FAMILIES OF FIVE WAR HEROES. Congressional Medals of Honour for gallantry in action in Korea were recently presented to the families of five American soldiers either killed or missing. Our group shows (l. to r.) Mrs. M. D. Dean, on behalf of Major-General W. F. Dean, Mrs. L. P. Henry, for 1st-Lieut. F. F. Henry, President Truman, Mrs. M. S. Watkins, widow of Master-Sergeant T. F. Watkins, Mr. Pace, Mrs. H. O. Turner, for her son Sergeant First Class C. W. Turner, and Mr. E. D. Brown, for his son Private 1st Class M. L. Brown.



LAYING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE FRENCH UNKNOWN WARRIOR: MR. ST. LAURENT (RIGHT). Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, spent the week-end of January 13-14 in Paris on his way home from the London Conference. He had conversations with M. Plevin, the French Prime Minister, and other members of the Cabinet. He was also received at the Elysee by President Auriol. The Quai d'Orsay issued a statement emphasizing the basic identity of views revealed between the two Governments.



FIRST WINNER OF THE CAMPBELL CUP: MR. IAN APPELYARD, THE RACING MOTORIST, WITH HIS WIFE. Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, Chairman of the R.A.C., presented Mr. Ian Appleyard, the Leeds racing motorist, with the "Sir Malcolm Campbell Memorial Trophy"—awarded annually for the best performance of the year by a British driver—on January 12. Mr. Appleyard has become the first holder of the trophy for his win in last year's International Alpine Trial, when, accompanied by his wife, he drove a Jaguar XK 120 car without losing a mark.



WELCOMED IN LONDON: GENERAL EISENHOWER, WITH MR. SHINWELL (LEFT) AND MR. GIFFORD (RIGHT). General Eisenhower, on his tour of West European capitals as Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe, arrived at Northolt Airport from Oslo on January 13. He was met by Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Defence, by Mr. Gifford, the United States Ambassador, and by British and U.S. Service representatives. While in London he took part in joint discussions with Mr. Shinwell and the British Chiefs of Staff.



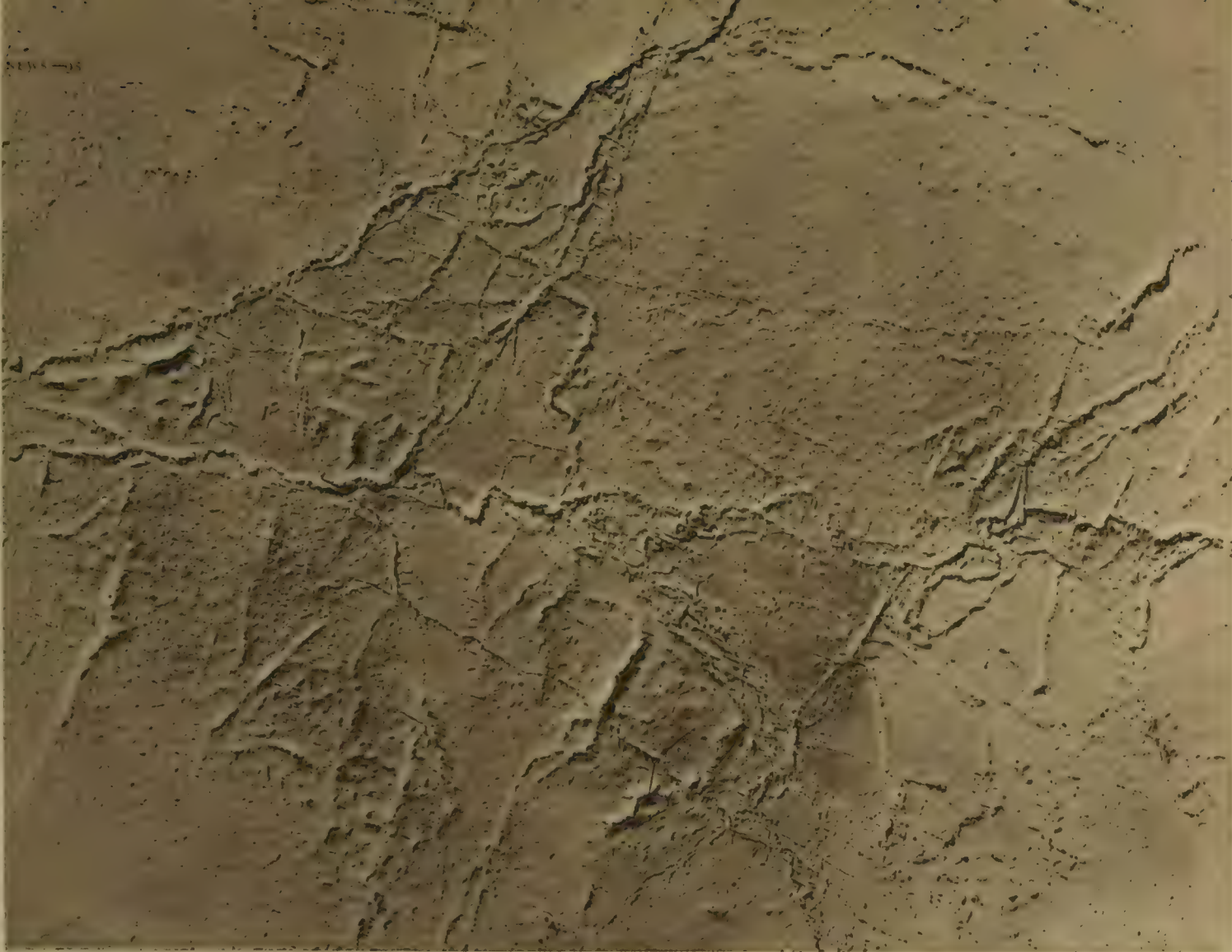
ROYAL VISITORS TRY THE "RIDE-A-WALL" SIDESHOW AT THE OLYMPIA FUN FAIR: THE DUKE OF KENT (CENTRE) AND PRINCE MICHAEL. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Kent and his younger brother Prince Michael recently visited the Bertram Mills' Fun Fair at Olympia. One of the sideshows which they tried was the "Ride-a-Wall," where visitors can, if they wish, stand on their heads without difficulty or inconvenience.



STRANDED ON THE TOP OF SNOWDON FOR A NIGHT: (L. TO R.) ALLCOCK, COTTRILL, GREGORY, GRESHAM, YATES AND SHRIEVE, THE LOST CLIMBERS. Six climbers stranded on the top of Snowdon (3560 ft.) during the night of January 13-14 were found unhurt by an R.A.F. mountain rescue party. Two other members of the party, who climbed by another route, had narrow escapes from death. One rolled down a 250-ft. slope.

ITEMS FROM FAR
AND NEAR: THE
NORTH POLE,
PARIS ROBOTS,
AND A BABY
PENGUIN AT
LONDON'S ZOO.

(RIGHT.) WHAT THE NORTH POLE REALLY LOOKS LIKE: AN AERIAL VIEW FROM A BOEING B-29 AT 18,000 FT. ALTITUDE ON A U.S. AIR FORCE WEATHER RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT. THE REALITY IS PERHAPS DISAPPOINTING TO THOSE WHO STILL SECRETLY VISUALIZE THE NORTH POLE AS A GIANT FROZEN MAYPOLE SURROUNDED BY SNOW! THE PRESSURE RIDGES, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, ENABLE THE RADAR OPERATOR TO PLOT THE WIND-DRIFTS.



ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF CYBERNETICS IN PARIS: A MECHANICAL TORTOISE, WITH DR. GREY WALTER ITS INVENTOR. Mechanical tortoises—*Elmer* and *Elsie*—which avoid obstacles in their path and look for their "food" when they are "hungry"—by going to the machine for recharging their batteries—were a great attraction at the recent Congress of Cybernetics in Paris.



A ROBOT CHESS PLAYER WHICH "SULKS" AT BAD MOVES: THE MECHANICAL CHESS PLAYER DEMONSTRATED IN PARIS. IT WAS BUILT BY A SPANISH ENGINEER. Among the exhibits at the Congress of Cybernetics (science of communication and control devices) was a robot chess player which plays against a human opponent. It never commits faults and flashes a light to point out its opponent's errors. After three mistakes the machine "sulks" and stops playing.



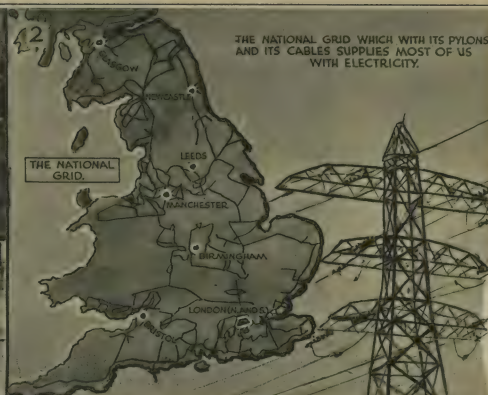
(LEFT.) BRINGING STRAW FOR HER BABY: ALICE, A SOUTH AFRICAN PENGUIN AT THE LONDON ZOO, AND HER CHICK SNOWY (HELD BY KEEPER JONES), WHICH WAS HATCHED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

(RIGHT.) KEEPING AN EYE ON THE BABY: ALICE LOOKS PROUDLY AT HER OFFSPRING SNOWY—JUST TEN DAYS OLD WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN. IT WAS THE THIRD PENGUIN TO BE HATCHED IN THE MENAGERIE WITHIN EIGHT WEEKS, BUT THE OTHER TWO DIED WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF LEAVING THEIR SHELLS.





FROM A SMALL PRECARIOUS BUILDING ON A HOME-SET IN PATERNOSTER SQUARE, UNDER THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, CONTROL IS EXERCISED OVER ALL THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER OF ENGLAND, WALES AND THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND SERVED BY THE BRITISH ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY.



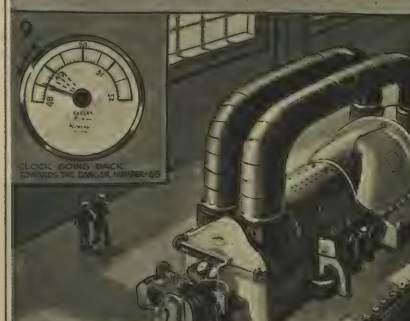
THE NATIONAL GRID WHICH WITH ITS PYLONS AND ITS CABLES SUPPLIES MOST OF US WITH ELECTRICITY.



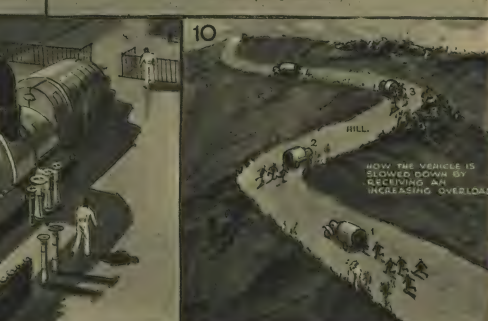
THE NATIONAL CONTROL ENGINEER INSTANTLY SENDS HIS ORDERS TO THE OPERATOR IN THE NEXT ROOM, WHO COMMUNICATES BY TELEPRINTER WITH THE REGIONS CONCERNED. BY THIS METHOD A RECORD IS PRESERVED OF ALL MESSAGES SENT.



AT ONE OF THE EIGHT AREA CONTROL CENTRES (GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NEWCASTLE, LEEDS, BRISTOL, THAMES NORTH AND THAMES SOUTH)—AS THE INSTRUCTION INDICATES—ACTION IS AT ONCE TAKEN TO RED "STAGE 1" OF THE LOAD (I.E. 5 PER CENT).



IF THE LOAD ON THE TURBO-ALTERNATORS BECOMES TOO GREAT, THIS CAUSES THEM TO SLOW DOWN SO MUCH THAT THE WATER PUMPS DO NOT WORK PROPERLY AND THE EXCESS OF WATER SO CAUSED MAY DAMAGE THE TURBINE BLADES AND CAUSE A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN.



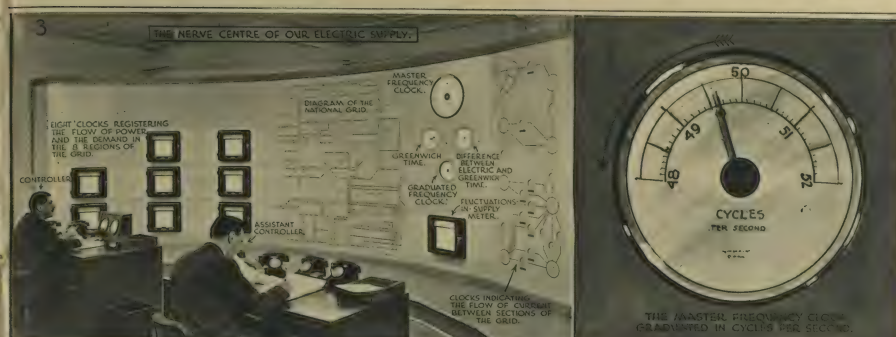
THE BUILD-UP OF LOAD MAY BE SIMPLY EXPLAINED BY THE EXAMPLES OF A VEHICLE GOING UPHILL AND WITH AN INCREASING NUMBER OF MEN FROM TIME TO TIME JUMPING ON TO IT.

WHAT LIES BEHIND THE HOUSEWIFE'S GRIEVANCE: "SHEDDING THE LOAD"—HOW, WHY AND WHERE

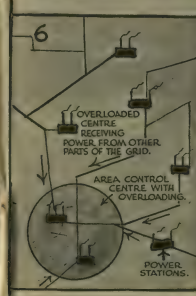
During the last year the term "load-shedding" has become as frequent in use—and as distasteful in meaning—as did the word "quitting" during 1940; and its effects in the way of power and light cuts and "fading"—in the home, factory and hospital—to say nothing of the disabling of all electric clocks—are all too painfully known. What is less well known is how it is brought about and why it has to be done. The photographs and diagrammatic drawings above may help to make this intelligible. The British Grid System consists, in the main, of high-voltage overhead transmission lines connecting the generating stations and main grid sub-stations in England, Wales and South Scotland. The fourteen Area Electricity Boards take their

supplies of electricity in bulk from the grid and distribute them to the users. The whole of the grid operates as an interconnected system and its control is carried out from eight Area Control centres (Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol and two in London). But there is also an overriding National Control Centre (in temporary premises at Paternoster Square, London) which controls the Area centres and carries responsibility for the general security of supplies, economic transfers of energy between Areas, system frequency and electric time. More briefly, it is National Control's business to see that the power available at any given moment is put to the best use. When the power available is greater than

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE



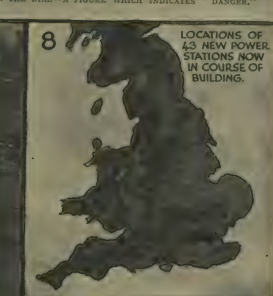
INSIDE THE NATIONAL CONTROL ROOM AT PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON—SEE FIG. 1: THE NATIONAL CONTROL ENGINEER AND HIS ASSISTANT WATCH THE HAND OF THE MASTER FREQUENCY CLOCK (SHOWN IN DETAIL ON RIGHT), THIS INDICATES THE FREQUENCY OF THE CURRENT THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE NATIONAL GRID. WHEN THE DRAIN OF CURRENT IS MORE THAN IS PUT INTO IT BY THE POWER STATIONS, THE HAND MOVES TOWARDS "45" ON THE DIAL—A FIGURE WHICH INDICATES "DANGER".



THE POSITION OF THE LOADING IN VARIOUS AREAS IS AVAILABLE TO THE CONTROLLER AND, IF ONE AREA IS BEING OVERLOADED, HELP CAN BE SECURED FROM OTHER SECTIONS OF THE MAIN GRID.



THE POWER STATIONS WHICH ACTUALLY "MANUFACTURE" OUR ELECTRICITY ARE STILL NOT ADEQUATE TO GIVE US ALL THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY REQUIRED—OWING TO THE INCREASED DEMAND (WHICH HAS DOUBLED SINCE 1930), AND THE LAG IN BUILDING AND EQUIPPING NEW STATIONS, WHICH IS ATTRIBUTED TO THE WAR.



AT THE PRESENT MOMENT THERE ARE NO FEWER THAN 43 POWER STATIONS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY—AS INDICATED BY THE BLACK DOTS ON THE MAP.



THE NETWORK OF CABLES SUPPLYING OUR HOMES, FACTORIES, HOSPITALS AND THE LIKE COMES UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE ELECTRICITY BOARD, AND IT IS THEIR ENGINEERS WHO ACTUALLY SWITCH OFF THE CURRENT.



OUR TOWNS HAVE BEEN SO BUILT UP IN THE COURSE OF YEARS THAT EVEN ONE STREET MAY HAVE SEVERAL SOURCES OF SUPPLY; BUT USUALLY THE HOSPITAL SECTIONS ARE GIVEN FIRST PRIORITY, FOLLOWED BY THE INDUSTRIAL AREAS, BECAUSE OF TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GIVE WARNING OF A COMPLETE CUT, THOUGH ADVANCE WARNING OF DAYS ON WHICH A CUT IS POSSIBLE MAY BE GIVEN IN CERTAIN AREAS.

SUPPLIES OF ELECTRICITY ARE SHED OR, IN EMERGENCY, CUT OFF FROM THE CONSUMER.

the demand, that power which is most economically produced is distributed (production costs varying in different areas); when demand exceeds supply in any one or more areas, National Control can switch extra power from areas where the demand is lower at the time; when the general demand is greater than the overall supply, National Control can send out instructions for load-shedding. This last function of the National Control is the one most felt by the public. It becomes necessary if the demand at a particular time exceeds the capacity of the generating plant available; and also if there is a risk of overloading grid circuits due to uneven distribution of demand. Both these reasons arise from the shortage of generating-plant capacity

CO-OPERATION OF THE BRITISH ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY.

which has not yet been made good since the end of the war, five years ago. Although National Control dictates the load-shedding, as regards any particular area, it rests with the Electricity Boards how the load is shed and where the cuts are made. Nearly all towns have grown apromadically and consequently electricity supplies have been laid on as and when the occasion arose, and it may happen that even so small an area as a street may receive its electricity by several different supply cables. As a result, since there is a rough priority of claim to the supply available, it may happen that there are apparent injustices when, for example, homes near a hospital are not cut, while homes, say, on the other side of the street, are.

The World of the Theatre.

OUT OF SEASON.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SINCE, thanks to the Test Matches, we have all been talking about cricket in January, there is no reason why we should not chat about concert parties in mid-winter. There is something very pleasant in flouting the seasons; I look forward now to the production of a pantomime on Midsummer Night as part, maybe, of the Festival of Britain. Nobody has previously suggested this; but it might be an idea for the Eccentrics' Corner. I would like very much to hear a Principal Boy in full song during a heat-wave. Why in the world should Christmas have the monopoly?

We owe to Jack Hylton and Greatrex Newman the cheerful idea of putting a summer concert party into the snowbound West End; of breaking the New Year ice with a company which, as a rule, is found pavilioned in splendour at Scarborough or Hastings in high August. Concert parties, I agree, are not everyone's joy. Gloomy souls think of pierrot pom-poms, damp beachcombing, insipid cross-talk, and the patter of rain on the canvas. Let them wail: I have always enjoyed a concert party since I met one first, at the age of twelve, on an evening when the sea was silver-glazed under a particularly large moon and the tenor sang "Roses of Picardy" with a passion that I can still remember. The sketches, I held at the time, touched the meridian of wit, though it has broken upon me since that to call Hamlet "Omelette" was not really a comic inspiration.

I went to the St. Martin's Theatre glowing with the enthusiasm of that lost summer, but expecting fully to be disappointed. Others, I think, were there in the same hope and fear. A few hours later we came into the snow, reassured. True, "The Fol-de-Rols" is hardly a normal concert party. The programme it offers now is a pocket revue: one quite unlike the pocket revues that used to take the stage of the Ambassadors Theatre next door. They were briskly malicious and extremely allusive: for full understanding you had to be versed in the parish-pump gossip of the West End. Those productions were ruled, too, by a major comedienne, the queen-wasp of the theatre. "The Fol-de-Rols" is as simple-hearted as the other revues were cynical. It makes no use of the double-meaning; it is gay without being self-conscious about it, and when it is sentimental it is ardently so. It is even less metropolitan than the old Co-optimists used to be. Some of the programme is thoroughly trite; but several things in it linger happily, and at least two comedians ought to remain in London for a long time: they are the best kind of pebbles on the beach.

Cyril Wells, the first of them, seems always to be enjoying himself: that is a good basis for revue-comedy. As a rule he persuades us to join the party, though I submit that the Girl Guide song is a mistake: no doubt its galumphing goes better on a warm night at the seaside than in Central London. Mr. Wells has what I can only call a voluble face. It talks so briskly that a vocal contribution is often superfluous. Thus, in the evening's crown, the Fol-de-Rols Symphony Orchestra, I cannot remember if he utters a word. But as his "orchestra" breathlessly chases a gramophone record, he gives so haughty, so menacingly frigid an impression

of a very famous conductor that speech would be futile. This is craft. The actor is excellent, too, as the travelled soldier who measures any town in the Gorgeous East by the quality of its canteen:

the lights in the company. Further, David Nixon is a nicely diffident conjuror; Kathleen West is a loyal broad comedienne, though she bangs at it too hard; and the whole affair, or much of it, is as soothing in London West Central at the wrong time of the year as, no doubt, it is in Hastings or Scarborough at the right time. A single reservation. "There are things," said Bottom long ago, "in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please." And one thing at the St. Martin's that is certainly less pleasing than others is a number called "The Modern Mikado," in which new words, set to Sullivan's out-of-copyright music, make us long for the needle of Gilbert's piercing wit.

The New Year's second production was also out-of-season. A play called "The Christmas Tree" should not arrive a week after Christmas. Somehow, at the New Boltons, it seemed a little "dated," as if we were fingering a belated card or grappling with the last of the cake. It would be tactful, perhaps, to consider it as the first Christmas play of 1951. Its trouble was the text, which had one or two sound comic ideas, but which got so involved in the middle that one could only shake a despondent head. There was a moral in it and rather more powder than jam. Still, the tunes tinkled pleasantly, and I would go far to observe Jessica Spencer. She has proved now what an imaginative actress can do in two very different types of children's hour. David Markham is so able an actor that really he should not be condemned to play mad goblin-weavers tied to trees in haunted Never-Never forests. Happily, it is only an out-of-season caper. "What a carry-on!" as someone murmurs in a current pantomime.

The last place in this triptych is filled by "The Black Arrow," which would be my delight on a shining night at any season of the year. I hope it will not be bound down as a Christmas piece, and that in the summer it will not be regarded as out-of-season, like snowballing in June. John Blatchley, who prepared the version for the Young Vic Company (producer, Michel St. Denis), had the task of turning Stevenson's "tale of tushery" into a fairly compact afternoon's play. The period is that of the Wars of the Roses, a time when anyone was likely to run into an outlaw or two; to drop across Richard of Gloucester, sardonic on a rock in a country lane; or to see an unwanted bridegroom skewered by a black arrow through a stained-glass window in the very moment of his wedding. I felt that some of my colleagues were tepid about this, the last new play of the Old Year; I enjoyed Stevenson's "Wardour-stretery," and all around me the Upper Fourth, Yorkists to a man, were enjoying it too, cheering as the Young Vic cast tushed its way through castle and greenwood. ("It is well, it is exceeding well. For, truly, had ye said Lancaster, I wot not for the world what I had done.") Nearly all of the Old Vic's rising players seem to be upon the right path. If I have to choose, I would suggest Tarn Basset as a name for the future: she would make an appealing Viola in the play that must always be welcome upon any day at any season.



"AN UNPRETENTIOUS INTIMATE REVUE WHICH BRINGS THE SEASIDE TO CENTRAL LONDON": "THE FOL-DE-ROLS" AT ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE, SHOWING CYRIL WELLS, ONE OF AT LEAST TWO COMEDIANS IN THE SHOW "WHO OUGHT TO REMAIN IN LONDON FOR A LONG TIME," CONDUCTING THE FOL-DE-ROLS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.



"ONE THING AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THAT IS CERTAINLY LESS PLEASING THAN OTHERS": "THE MODERN MIKADO" IN "THE FOL-DE-ROLS," SHOWING THE NUMBER IN WHICH "NEW WORDS, SET TO SULLIVAN'S OUT-OF-COPYRIGHT MUSIC, MAKE US LONG FOR THE NEEDLE OF GILBERT'S PIERCING WIT."

here is an irresistible dour single-mindedness. The other comedian, Charles Stewart, is a Scot, a gentle fellow with a voice like waffles-and-syrup and a pleasure in impersonating a camel. They are

or two; to drop across Richard of Gloucester, sardonic on a rock in a country lane; or to see an unwanted bridegroom skewered by a black arrow through a stained-glass window in the very moment of his wedding.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE BLACK ARROW" (Old Vic).—"What make ye here, my merry men, among the greenwood shaws?" Stevenson took a boyish delight in swooping into the greenwood and out. His "tale of the Two Roses," dramatised by John Blatchley, was a romantic flash-and-flurry, very well acted by the players of the Young Vic. (December 26.)

"MASKELYN'S MYSTERIES" (Comedy).—I suppose most of us, at one time or another, want to know how to spin a top upon the edge of a sword-blade, or how to drive a steel sheet through a woman in a cabinet. Syd Amoy explained about the top, and the Great Masoni about other matters, in this most agreeable (and instructive) holiday programme. (December 26.)

"POINT OF DEPARTURE" (Duke of York's).—Anouilh's new version of Orpheus-and-Eurydice, in its Kitty Black adaptation, has reached the West End, still acted understandingly by Mai Zetterling, Stephen Murray and Dirk Bogarde, with the rest of the Lyric, Hammersmith, cast. (December 26.)

"THE FOL-DE-ROLS" (St. Martin's).—This unpretentious intimate revue, written by Greatrex Newman and composed by Wolseley Charles, brings the seaside to Central London—and the seaside, moreover, as it appears on a fine day in high summer. There are two properly beguiling comedians. (January 1.)

"THE CHRISTMAS TREE" (New Boltons).—A children's tale, mild and mistic, but with some singable tunes and the welcome presence of Jessica Spencer. (January 2.)



"THE DOCKS AT LE HAVRE": BY ALBERT MARQUET (1875-1947). PAINTED IN 1906
(Lent by the Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris.)



"THE DATHER": BY FERNAND LÉGER (b. 1881), WHOSE WORK WAS SHOWN AT THE TATE ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION IN 1950. PAINTED IN 1931. (Lent by the Galerie Louis Carré, Paris.)



"THE STUDIO": BY GEORGES BRAQUE (b. 1882), WHOSE WORK, WITH THAT OF ROUAULT, WAS SHOWN AT THE TATE BRITISH COUNCIL EXHIBITION 1946. PAINTED IN 1949.
(Lent by the Galerie Maeght, Paris.)



"THE SIDEBORD": BY HENRI MATISSE (b. 1869). PAINTED IN 1928.
(Lent by the Musée National d'Art Moderne. A gift of the Association des Amis des Artistes Vivants.)



"THE COMPOSER CLAUDE TERRASSE AND HIS FAMILY," OR "L'APRÈS-MIDI BOURGEOISE": BY PIERRE BONNARD (1867-1947). PAINTED IN 1900.
(Lent by Messieurs Jean and Henri Dauberville, Paris.)

"THERE has been too much—far, far too much—written and spoken about modern art. The pictures are here—look at them and let them speak to you," are the words with which Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., concludes his foreword to the catalogue of the show, Paintings of the École de Paris, 1900-1950, at Burlington House. He also describes the exhibition, the most unusual ever held in the august galleries of the Royal Academy of Arts, as representing "the adventures in Paris between 1900 and 1950." It is being held in order that students who are not now able easily to travel may see a



"THE WOUNDED CLOWN": BY GEORGES ROUAULT (b. 1871). PAINTED 1930-35. EXHIBITED IN MANY EUROPEAN CITIES.
(Lent by a private collector, Paris.)

review of French painting since the beginning of the century; and it will provide both instruction and warning. Sir Gerald Kelly and Mr. Le Bas went to Paris to arrange the show, but found that the French authorities were anxious to "choose their own team"; and it was organised with the help of M. George Salles, head of all the Museums of France, and other leading authorities; and Mr. Frank McEwen, Fine Arts Officer of the British Council in Paris. Owing to his political opinions, Picasso would not allow his works to be exhibited. The paintings reproduced are all by artists long accepted on the Continent as important. Paintings by younger men are also on view.

PERSONALITIES
AND EVENTS
OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE
IN THE
PUBLIC EYE.



DR. T. L. ECKERSLEY.
Awarded the Faraday Medal for achievements in the field of radio research and, in particular, for outstanding contributions to the theory and practice of radio-wave propagation. He is one of the most distinguished of the Marconi Company's senior research engineers. The Faraday Medal is one of Science's premier awards.



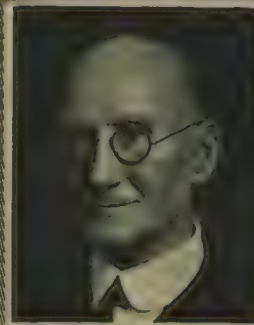
MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON.
Died on January 10. She was well known on the stage as Mabel Russell. She married Captain Philipson in 1917, and in 1923 was elected Conservative Member for Berwick. She introduced the Nursing Homes Registration Service as a Private Member's Bill, and was the first woman member of the Air Committee.



MR. NORMAN LONG.
Died on January 10, aged fifty-seven. A music-hall and radio entertainer, he gave up commerce for concert-party work in 1914. After serving throughout World War I, he made his first London appearance in 1919. His first broadcast took place in 1922. In 1945 he took over an hotel at Salcombe, but made periodic broadcasts.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.
Died on January 9. A noted actress, actress-manageress and a pioneer of health education for which she worked tirelessly. Born in 1870, she made her stage debut in 1887. During the 1914-18 war she was a V.A.D., and in 1917 founded the People's League of Health. She was awarded the R.R.C. in 1920 and created C.B.E. 1936.



MR. JOSEPH LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.
Died on January 3 in his ninety-first year. A well-known painter and illustrator, he was for many years on the staff of *The Illustrated London News*. He exhibited regularly for some twenty years in the R.A., one of his works being bought by Queen Victoria. He won a Bronze Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1900.



MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS.
Died in Rome on January 10, aged sixty-five. An American, his satirical novels of American life in the period between the two wars caused controversy on both sides of the Atlantic. He wrote twenty-one novels; one of them, "Babbitt," won him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1930. His best-known novels include: "Main Street" (1920); "Martin Arrowsmith" (1925); "Elmer Gantry" (1927); "Dodsworth" (1929); "It Can't Happen Here" (1935); and "The God-Seeker" (1949).



MR. JUSTICE HODSON.
Appointed to be a Lord Justice of Appeal in place of Lord Justice Bucknill, who retired on January 12. Born in 1895, he was educated at Cheltenham and at Wadham College, Oxford. He was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1921, and in 1937 took silk and was raised to the Bench.



MR. S. E. KARMINSKI.
Appointed a Judge of the High Court in place of Mr. Justice Hodson, who has succeeded Lord Justice Bucknill. Born in 1902, he went to Rugby and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1925 he was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple and he took silk twenty years later. In 1940 he joined the R.N.V.R.



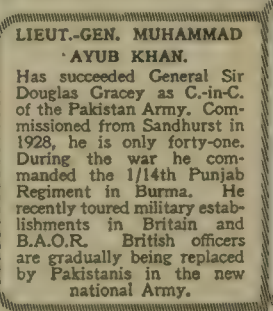
TO BE BRITAIN'S FIRST AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN SINCE 1946: SIR JOHN BALFOUR.
Appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Madrid. He is fifty-six and was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, and entered the Diplomatic Service in 1919. He has served in Budapest, Sofia, Belgrade, Lisbon, Moscow and Washington. In 1948 he was appointed British Ambassador to the Argentine Republic. The last British Ambassador to Spain, Sir Victor Mallet, was withdrawn in 1946 at the recommendation of the United Nations.



SIR VICTOR PEROWNE.
The British Minister to the Holy See since 1947, he died suddenly of a heart attack on January 8 in Rome, aged fifty-three. Sir Victor was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and served from 1916-18 with the Scots Guards, entering the Diplomatic Service after the First World War. He held posts in turn at Madrid, Lisbon, Copenhagen and Paris. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1950.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE LATE KING VICTOR EMANUEL'S GRANDDAUGHTER: THE BRIDE COUNTESS DI BERGOLO AND HER BRIDEGROOM.
Countess Guja, youngest daughter of Princess Yolanda and Count Calvi Di Bergolo, and granddaughter of ex-Queen Helena of Italy, was married at the Sacred Heart Church in Alexandria on Jan. 10 to Count Carlo Guarienti, son of Count Benedetto Guarienti. Queen Helena, who was in the south of France, did not attend, while ex-King Umberto had to cancel his visit.



LIEUT.-GEN. MUHAMMAD AYUB KHAN.
Has succeeded General Sir Douglas Gracey as C-in-C. of the Pakistan Army. Commissioned from Sandhurst in 1928, he is only forty-one. During the war he commanded the 1/14th Punjab Regiment in Burma. He recently toured military establishments in Britain and B.A.O.R. British officers are gradually being replaced by Pakistanis in the new national Army.



WITH PRESIDENT AURIOL AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE: GENERAL EISENHOWER (RIGHT) IN PARIS ON JANUARY 9.
General Eisenhower's first mission upon his arrival in Europe was one of inquiry in the capitals of the Atlantic Pact countries. During his visit to Paris he was received for twenty-five minutes by M. Auriol, President of the Republic. Before driving to Western Union headquarters at Fontainebleau he paid a brief visit to his old wartime H.Q. at Versailles.



DR. HANS D. GRONAU.
Died suddenly on January 10, aged forty-six. A distinguished art historian and expert, he had been working with Messrs. Sotheby and Co. since the end of the war. He was a son of the late Georg Gronau, Ph.D., was born at San Domenico di Fiesole and took his doctor's degree under Georg Graf Vitthum, at Göttingen University.



BEFORE FLYING TO AUSTRALIA TO JOIN THE M.C.C. TEAM: STATHAM AND TATTERSALL (RIGHT), THE LANCASHIRE BOWLERS.
Two Lancashire bowlers—twenty-year-old Brian Statham and twenty-eight-year-old Roy Tattersall—left London Airport on January 12 to fly to Australia to join the M.C.C. team as reinforcements. They were due to arrive in Melbourne on January 16 and to stay and practise there until January 22, when they will join the M.C.C. team passing through Melbourne from Tasmania.



THREE GENERATIONS OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL FAMILY: SHOWING (LEFT TO RIGHT): PRINCESS SHIGEKO HIGASHIKUNI; THE CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO; THE EMPEROR; THE EMPRESS WITH HER THREE HIGASHIKUNI GRANDCHILDREN, (L. TO R.) FUMIKO, NOBUHIKO, HIDEHIRO; PRINCESS ATSUKO; MORIHARO HIGASHIKUNI; TADAMICHI TAKATSUKASA AND PRINCESS KAZUKO TAKATSUKASA; PRINCE MASAHIITO; PRINCESS TAKEKO.



A PICTURE TYPIFYING THE SIMPLE DOMESTIC STYLE IN WHICH THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN NOW LIVES: THE EMPEROR READS AN AMERICAN PERIODICAL, WHILE THE EMPRESS COMMENTS ON THE CROWN PRINCE'S CHOICE OF A RECORD FOR THE RADIOGRAM.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS WITH THEIR UNMARRIED CHILDREN: (L. TO R.) THE EMPEROR, PRINCESS TAKEKO, THE EMPRESS, PRINCESS ATSUKO, PRINCE MASAHIITO, AND THE CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO.

From 1889 until 1945, the Emperor of Japan was, at all events in theory, the supreme sovereign of his country, exercising the whole of the executive powers but, in fact, living a life of quasi-divine seclusion. At the end of 1945, however, the Emperor Hirohito explicitly divested himself of the attributes of divinity; and his

THE FAMILY LIFE OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: DOMESTIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF THREE GENERATIONS.



THE EMPEROR CHALLENGES THE CROWN PRINCE AT LAWN TENNIS; WHILE ON THE SIDELINES STAND (LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCESS TAKEKO, THE EMPRESS, PRINCESS ATSUKO AND PRINCE MASAHIITO.

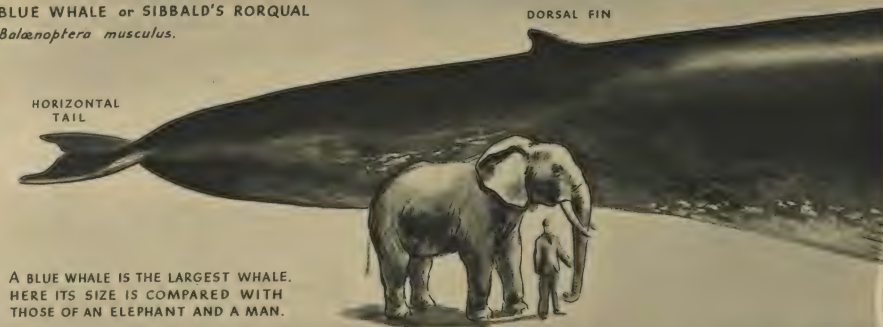


THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS WITH THEIR GRANDCHILDREN, THE OFFSPRING OF PRINCESS SHIGEKO, THEIR ELDEST CHILD, AND MORIHARO HIGASHIKUNI. (LEFT) FUMIKO, (FOREGROUND) HIDEHIRO AND (RIGHT) NOBUHIKO.

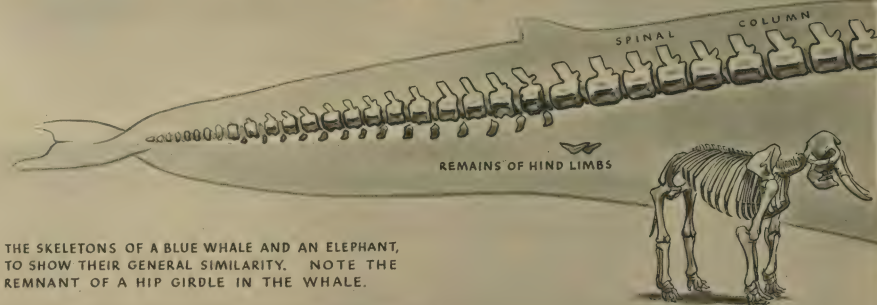
functions now are purely ceremonial. His office remains hereditary and his popularity and moral authority are reported to be as great as ever. He succeeded his father in 1926, having married in 1924 Princess Nagako, daughter of Prince Kuninomiya. They have had seven children, the third (a daughter) dying in infancy. Of the surviving six, Princess Shigeko is the eldest and is married to Moriharo Higashikuni, by whom she has two sons, Nobuhiko and Hidehiro, and a daughter, Fumiko; next comes Princess Kazuko, married to Tadamichi Takatsukasa. Both of the Emperor's sons-in-law, though now described as commoners, are of princely families. The four remaining children of the Emperor in order of age are Princess Atsuko, the Crown Prince Akihito, Prince Masahito and Princess Takeko.

BLUE WHALE or SIBBALD'S RORQUAL

Balaenoptera musculus.

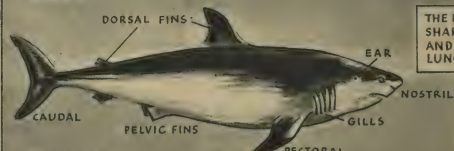


A BLUE WHALE IS THE LARGEST WHALE. HERE ITS SIZE IS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF AN ELEPHANT AND A MAN.



THE SKELETONS OF A BLUE WHALE AND AN ELEPHANT, TO SHOW THEIR GENERAL SIMILARITY. NOTE THE REMNANT OF A HIP GIRDLE IN THE WHALE.

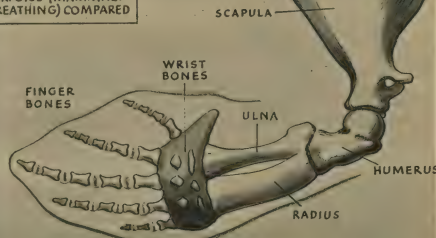
SHARK



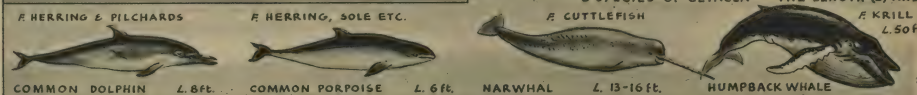
PORPOISE



THE EXTERNAL FEATURES OF A SHARK (FISH: GILL-BREATHING) AND A PORPOISE (MAMMAL: LUNG-BREATHING) COMPARED



8 SPECIES OF CETACEA — THE LENGTH (L) AND

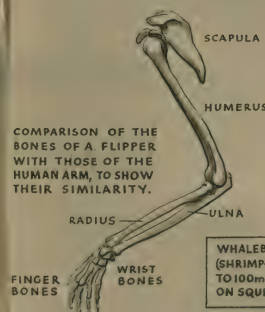
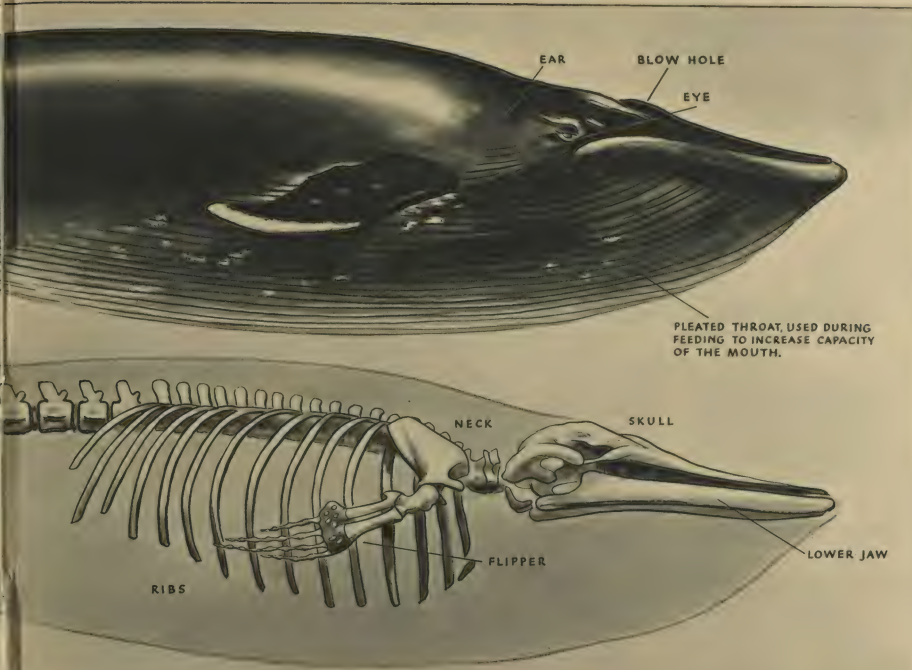


THE LARGEST ANIMAL IN THE WORLD: A GIANT OF THE SEAS WHOSE TERRESTRIAL ANCESTORS

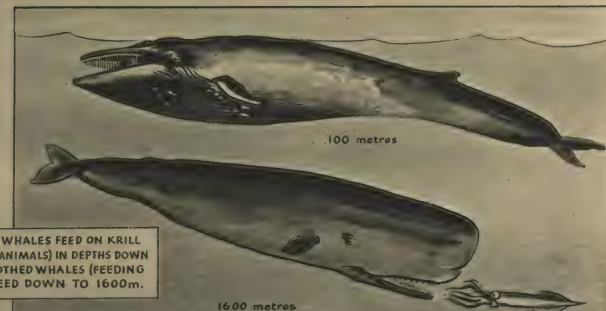
There can be little doubt that we are justified in placing whales among the mammals. They are warm-blooded, suckle their young, breathe by lungs, and in so many details of their anatomy conform to the general mammalian plan. Moreover, although they do not possess a covering of hair on the body, that peculiarly mammalian character, some members of the Cetacea (whales, porpoises, dolphins) do have a "moustache" in early life, in the form of a few bristles sprouting from the upper margin of the mouth. There is enough in the appearance of these bristles to suggest that they are vestiges of a hairy skin. The

Cetacea have in many other respects departed so radically from the form, habits and structure of the typical mammal that the mistake so often made, of regarding them as some kind of fish, is to be excused. This complete transformation from an air-breathing terrestrial mammal to one completely aquatic and with a fish-like form, is the more enigmatic, because, contrary to the usual experience, there have so far been found no fossil remains to give a clue to the ancestry of the Cetacea. The confidence we have in the view that the ancestors of whales lived on dry land is based rather on indirect evidence. There is the same bony

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY



COMPARISON OF THE BONES OF A FLIPPER WITH THOSE OF THE HUMAN ARM, TO SHOW THEIR SIMILARITY.



WHALEBONE WHALES FEED ON KRILL (SHRIMP-LIKE ANIMALS) IN DEPTHS DOWN TO 100m. TOOTHED WHALES (FEEDING ON SQUID) FEED DOWN TO 1600m.

MAIN FOOD (F) ARE SHOWN BELOW



ARE UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE BUT WHOSE ANATOMY SHOWS THAT IT IS A TYPICAL MAMMAL.

structure, except that the tail bones have been enormously strengthened to support the long apparatus of the body and the tail flukes, used in propelling the beast through the water. The skull has been altered considerably but, even so, all the separate bones, characteristic of the mammalian skull can be recognised. The flipper, so fin-like outwardly, contains the same components—humerus, radius and ulna, wrist-bones and finger-bones—directly comparable with the bones in the human arm. In spite, then, of the amazing transformation that we assume has taken place, the whales are recognisable as typical mammals, and

E. MANNING, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

their anatomy, including the skeleton, can be directly compared, organ for organ and bone for bone, with that, say, of an elephant. One major exception to this springs readily to mind, however. The hind-limbs and the hip-girdle are missing—almost. In every Cetacean there are a few small bones, two or more, varying from one species to another, situated in precisely that position which would normally be occupied by a hip-girdle. There is no direct evidence, of course, that these small bones do in fact represent the vestiges of hind-limbs, but the sum total of probabilities points that way.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"THE CREATORS OF THE RENAISSANCE."*

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

TO the good-humoured English but no, the adjective implies a state of mind among us which is not invariably our most marked characteristic—to the average Englishman when he is in a good humour and not feeling particularly lazy, subtle and learned discourses upon difficult problems of æsthetics are liable to be received with polite indifference rather than with enthusiasm. We are not passionately devoted to that kind of exposition, however eloquently it may be presented, and as our mentors float into the upper regions of the atmosphere we do our best to seize them by the coat-tails just before they disappear through the clouds and drag them back to earth. For this reason I am inclined to doubt whether Dr. Lionello Venturi's several essays in this magnificent book, "Italian Painting; the Creators of the Renaissance," will hold our attention for very long. I hasten to add that if this proves to be the case, the fault will be ours; the book is not written with an eye to the particular idiosyncrasies of the inhabitants of these islands, but it would be to our advantage if we took pains to follow his line of thought with rather more care than usual. Among other things he points out that the men who were the creators of the Renaissance from Giotto onwards were—very many of them—untouched by the New Learning. After that—with which everyone is agreed—he seems to indulge in a good deal of wishful thinking for, if I have understood him correctly, he argues that even if there had been no interest in classical antiquity, literary or otherwise, the Church itself would have evolved something comparable to what actually did occur. This seems to me an assumption which will be comforting to many minds, but which surely did not commend itself to the contemporaries of the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century painters under discussion; the articulate of that age, Dante included, give every indication that they were convinced of the contrary, and that they had found out how to lighten mediæval darkness by new thinking outside the conventions of the past.

But this is no place in which to indulge in quibbles about the interpretation of a particular historical period: I am dealing with a book, and as fine a production as I have ever had the pleasure of handling: two hundred illustrations all in colour, most of them occupying a full page, and many two, with excellent notes upon each painter. The first words before the title-page must be quoted: "A handsome book is not the work of a single person, but a product of the collective, well-directed efforts of all who have contributed to its success." Anyone who has had to deal with the colour reproduction of paintings will be well aware of the pitfalls which lie in wait for the publisher who embarks upon so hazardous an enterprise; gold backgrounds, so soft and tender, in the original, can become translated into a coppery brass; the tones of the blues and the reds can lose their subtle relationships; a dozen exasperating disasters

can ruin good intentions. It is difficult enough when the picture can be taken to a studio and photographed under perfect conditions. For very many of these illustrations, it was necessary to erect special scaffolding in ill-lighted churches—a tiresome operation in any circumstances and particularly so when it is impossible to use the walls as a support, for the walls were covered with the frescoes which were the subject of the photographer's visit.

serious if outwardly hilarious little book could be written on Italian painting on the lines of "1066 and All That" which would reveal the extent of our muddle-headedness, and I can advise no more pleasurable discipline than to spend an evening turning over these splendid pages in an attempt to forget the hotchpotch of impressions and prejudices we have inherited, and to form our own personal judgment upon the stature and achievements of these great men.

How odd it was, for example, that what struck Victorian commentators about Botticelli was his nostalgic effeminacy! The absurdity of this opinion is driven home with great emphasis by the reproduction of one of his immensely forceful portraits, shown on this page. Fra Angelico, the most popular of all, appears sweet and treacly and almost trivial by comparison with Simone Martini, whose dyspeptic, soured Virgin shrinking from the Angel of the Annunciation yet has a tender and noble dignity. That sad reprobate, Filippo Lippi, about whom Browning wrote:

You should not take a fellow six years' old
And make him swear to never kiss the girls.

and who, when Prior of the Convent of Santa Margherita at Prato, and fifty years old, fell in love with a young nun and ran away with her and her sister and three other girls, is represented by only one picture, a detail from the "Banquet of Herodias." That is so fine, particularly the figures of the two young women whispering to one another, that one can forgive the omission of other pictures by him.

The choice of the Sassetta from Chantilly, "The Marriage of St. Francis with Poverty," seems to me a little unfortunate—I would have preferred one of the panels from the same series in the National Gallery, any one of which shows this engaging minor painter to better advantage. In the Chantilly panel, poor St. Francis is obviously scared out of his wits, and the three young women are both coy and prim. It is as well to warn readers who are anxious to hold correct opinions that Mr. Bernard Berenson "regards Sassetta as the greatest religious painter in Western Art and sees in his work the purest expression of the Franciscan spirit."

But this is a small, pernicious grumble, by which one individual betrays himself. Let me rather pay tribute to the imagination, skill, precision, knowledge and team work which, under the direction of Albert Skira, have gone to the making of this fine book. Each one of us can lament the omission of this or that masterpiece which happens to occupy a special place in his affections. None of us can point to another publication dealing with the same subject in which the standard of production is so high or in which the aim of faithfulness to the original has been so notably attained. I would direct the attention of the general reader particularly to the nine illustrations of the frescoes which Giotto executed for the Scrovegni Chapel at Padua, and the nine of "The Story of the True Cross," by Piero Della Francesca from Arezzo, not because they are more successful than the other colour reproductions in the book, but because, though familiar to specialists, they are not

readily available. Finally, there is the detail of the Madonna and Child painted by Pietro Lorenzetti for the Lower Church of St. Francis at Assisi. Here, indeed, does the remote, hieratic Mother of God of the mediæval past come down to earth for the first time in the history of painting to be revealed as a woman in a most moving and tender conversation-piece.



"MADONNA AND CHILD" (DETAIL); BY PIETRO LORENZETTI (?-1348). FRESCO, LOWER CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCO, ASSISI.

Pietro Lorenzetti "did fresco decorations in the left transept of the Lower Church of S. Francesco at Assisi. . . . In his *Madonna and Child*, so poignant is the feeling of intimate affection and understanding between the two personages that this may be regarded as the first of those 'Holy Families' which are named in Italian 'sacred colloquies' . . ."



"TWO COURTESANS"; BY VITTORE CARPACCIO (1455-1526/7). MUSEO CIVICO, VENICE.

"Born in Venice about 1455 of old Venetian stock, Vittore Carpaccio . . . found in the colourful life of Venice his inspiration. . . ."

Illustrations from "Italian Painting; the Creators of the Renaissance," reviewed on this page, by courtesy of the publishers, Albert Skira; and A. Zwemmer, London.



"ST. AUGUSTINE"; BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI (1444/5-1510). OGNISSANTI, FLORENCE.

"The St. Augustine Fresco (dated 1480) in the Ogni Santi Church, Florence, enables us to understand why a contemporary described Botticelli's art as 'virile,' for the compelling power of this work is undeniable."

It occurs, to me that most of us in England, when we look at a Giotto or a Fra Angelico or a Botticelli, are probably haunted willy-nilly by what we have read or heard of the opinions of Ruskin or Walter Pater and, moreover, find it extremely difficult to avoid cluttering up our minds with the ideas of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (indeed, an essentially

* "Italian Painting; the Creators of the Renaissance." Critical Studies by Lionello Venturi; Historical Surveys by Rosabianca Skira-Venturi. (Albert Skira; A. Zwemmer: London; £5 5s.)

PAINTINGS FROM A FAMOUS COLLECTION, DUE FOR SALE: SACRED AND PROFANE ITALIAN AND FLEMISH ART.



"THE SHEPHERDS HAND THE INFANT PARIS TO HIS NURSE"; ATTRIBUTED TO GIORGIONE (c. 1477-1510). TRANSFERRED TO CANVAS AFTER 1912. (17½ by 25½ ins.)



"ST. JEROME IN A LANDSCAPE"; SCHOOL OF BRUGES. FIGURES OF MEN AND VARIOUS ANIMALS MAY BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND. (Panel. 17½ by 12½ ins.)



"ST. PETER IN MEDITATION"; BY ALESSANDRO BONVICINO, CALLED MORETTO. (c. 1498-1555?). (66 by 39½ ins.)

THE paintings by Old Masters of various Italian schools and by one artist of the School of Bruges, which we reproduce on this page, were formerly in the collection of the late Lord Conway of Allington. They are due to be sold at Sotheby's on January 31 by direction of the executors of the Hon. Mrs. A. E. Horsfield. The painting of the classical subject of the infant Paris being handed to the shepherds by his nurse is one of a pair attributed to that rare and great Venetian, Giorgione, who issued from the studio of Giovanni Bellini, and with whom, to quote the late Professor Tancréd

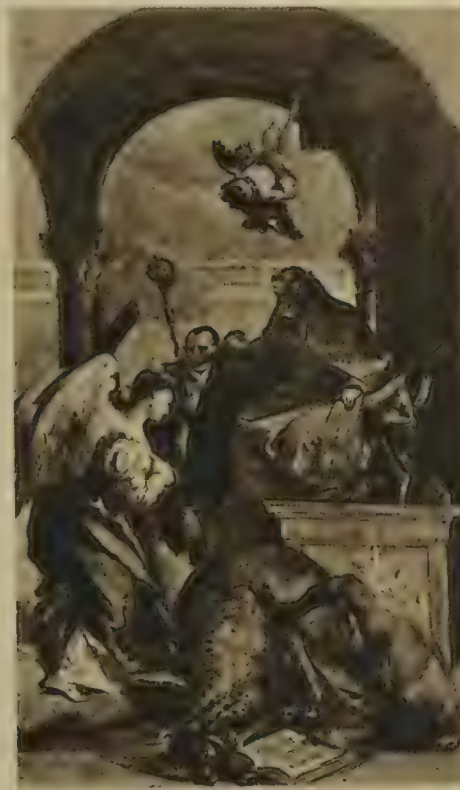
(Continued below.)



"THE MOCKING OF CHRIST"; BY ANDREA SOLARIO (c. 1460-c. 1515), THE BROTHER OF THE SCULPTOR CRISTOFORO SOLARIO, CALLED IL GOBBO. (22½ by 17½ ins.)



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD"; BY G. F. MAINERI. SS. COSMOS AND DAMIAN IN FOREGROUND AND SS. GEORGE AND EUSTACE, BACKGROUND. (Panel. 14 by 10 ins.)



"THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH OVER PAGANISM"; BY GIOVANNI-BATTISTA TIEPOLO (1696-1769). (24½ by 14½ ins.)



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH THE SLEEPING INFANT ADORED BY TWO ANGELS"; BY NERI DI BICCI (FIFTEENTH CENTURY). (Panel. 22 by 15 ins.)

(Continued.)

Borenus, "a new chapter in the history of art begins," with the establishment of the Cinquecento style. These paintings were at one time in the Alberelli collection at Verona and were purchased by Sir W. M. Conway at St. Jean de Luz. The "Madonna and Child Enthroned," by Foppa, was shown at the Milanese Exhibition, 1898, as by Bevilacqua, and the Maineri Madonna and Child was formerly described as by an unknown artist.



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD ENTHRONED"; BY VINCENZO FOPPA (D. 1492). FORMERLY ON PANEL, TRANSFERRED TO CANVAS. (33½ by 24 ins.)

EXCAVATING THE AGE-OLD SANCTUARY OF APHRODITE: IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN A TRIAL DIG AT OLD PAPHOS, CYPRUS.

By J. H. ILIFFE and T. B. MITFORD.
(Leaders of the Kouklia Expedition, June-July, 1950.)

OLD Paphos, in the south-west of Cyprus, a mile from the sea and nine south-east of the modern town of Ktima, was an ancient and most celebrated centre of pilgrimage, because of its Temple of Aphrodite which commanded the spot where, born of the foam of the sea, the goddess stepped ashore. Every year this temple, famed for the mysterious rites practised in her honour, was thronged by the pilgrims who had landed a mile below Ktima at the port of New Paphos, in Roman times the residence of the Proconsuls of Cyprus—of whom one, Sergius Paulus, it will be remembered, was converted by St. Paul, before the Apostle sailed thence upon his first missionary journey. From the New Paphos to the Old, the pilgrims moved in procession along a sacred way, which is still followed, for much of its course, by the modern road that links Ktima with the village of Kouklia, the present occupant of the site of Old Paphos. A number of gigantic stones, forming part of some building, have long been visible on this site. In 1888 an attempt was made by a British expedition to locate the Temple; and these stones were cleared. But, although they belong manifestly to an important structure, it is now generally agreed that no resemblance can here be seen to the plan of any known temple, whether Greek or Phœnician; and it is the opinion of scholars to-day that the important buildings of Old Paphos may still lie concealed under the modern village. It was to put this opinion to the test that the *Kouklia Expedition*, with the support of the University of St. Andrews and the Liverpool Museums, engaged in four weeks of trial excavation in June and July of 1950. Two areas were opened up in this preliminary season. The first, a quarter of a mile to the north-east of Kouklia, was a low mound of rubble, which contained in its fill many fragments of archaic Greek sculpture and architecture—for the most part seemingly of the sixth century B.C., although certain objects are distinctly more primitive. These included half-a-dozen male statues, some wearing the old-fashioned Greek jerkin and "belt" (rather like the swimmer's "trunks") of Homeric times; and others again the Egyptian kilt. A notable find was the wing of a sphinx in island marble, with its original colours, red, blue and green, still vividly preserved. This would appear to be an imported Greek piece, of which it is hoped to find more in another season. The use of colour to enhance the effect is well known in early Greek sculpture, although few examples have survived—the most notable among these being perhaps the so-called

(Continued opposite



FOUND IN THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT OLD PAPHOS, CYPRUS:
A LIMESTONE TORSO OF A YOUTH, WEARING JERKIN AND "CYPRIOTE BELT." (SIXTH CENTURY B.C.)

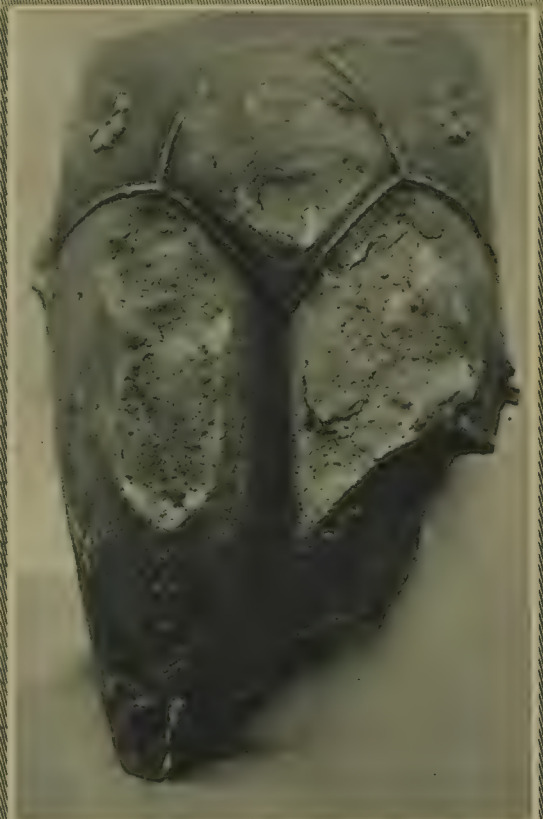
(Continued.)

green- and yellow-glazed *sgraffito* ware to the thirteenth or fourteenth century A.D. This rested upon a very considerable Roman building of, seemingly, the first or second century A.D., with a sunk mosaic court surrounded by a portico likewise paved with mosaic. At a corner of this court a terra-cotta water-pipe delivered into a sink; and on one side an exit led to a covered rectangular drain, which ended ultimately in a sump at the rock level. These mosaics are all of a simple geometric pattern, and are presumably not late; the most recent objects recovered from the fill of the drain below them were fragmentary lamps of the early third century. This gives an approximate latest date for the occupation of the mosaic building. In one part of the trench, where this building had been destroyed by subsequent looters, a complex of foundation walls below the Roman horizon yielded a sequence of pottery which passed from Hellenistic through the Classical to the Archaic and Geometric—in other terms, approximately to 1000 B.C.—without, however, any obvious floor-level being encountered by the excavators. At one point in an Archaic environment an extensive dump of broken terracotta figurines and statuettes was found, many with painted decoration: discarded offerings, doubtless, from some neighbouring shrine or temple, possibly from the actual Temple of Aphrodite itself, which all suppose to have been very near this spot. Beneath this series of levels was a red-earth layer, associated with a transverse wall and resting upon the virgin rock. It contained a purely Late Bronze pottery, including typical Mycenaean sherds and jar-handles bearing Cypro-Minoan signs, both incised and painted. Lumps of copper slag, which had occurred sporadically in the upper levels, were here found in relative abundance. This is perhaps to be connected with a line of ancient copper workings, as yet unexplored, which extends for some 15 miles along the southern rim of the Paphos forest. It suggests that the wealth for which Paphos was famed in the Homeric epic rested upon the twin foundations of an agriculture, particularly favoured by perennial water, and the exploitation of the mineral to which Cyprus gave a name. The limited area of the trial trench at this site made a proper assessment of the architecture and stratigraphy impossible. This was inevitable, since the work undertaken in this preliminary season was in the nature of a sounding only. But it has been shown that, in close vicinity to the presumed temple area, there exist *in situ* remains which may cover the entire story of Old Paphos and its Aphrodite sanctuary, from the Late Bronze Age, about 1400 B.C., down to Imperial Roman times. This is all that was contemplated for a trial season, and is an encouragement to further work.

(Continued.)

Maidens of the Acropolis of Athens. The excellent preservation of the colours of the sphinx's wing may be due to the fact that the marble has been subjected to intense heat: a number of marble fragments found nearby had been so completely incinerated as to resemble sugar. Of architectural pieces from the mound, a proto-Ionic volute capital and a palmette-volute frieze or metope are typical; and both can be assigned to the sixth century B.C. The mound, which on this evidence may itself be dated to the outset of the fifth century B.C., has been built against the outer face of a stout defensive wall and tower, part perhaps of the city wall of the Late Bronze Age Paphos. The wall has two faces of cut stone, containing a filling of rubble; while the tower is of stone, with a lining and superstructure of mud-brick. In a preliminary investigation, in which not more than a fifth of this mysterious mound could be excavated, its purpose was not established: was it the foundation of some structure which has long vanished?—a siege-mound, or a tumulus over a hero's grave? Further work may tell. And if the wall and tower prove to be a part of the city wall of Old Paphos, there is good hope, by following it up, of recovering something of the area and extent of Aphrodite's city in its heyday. In another part of the site, on the south-western outskirts of the village, a trial trench was dug, close to the massive stones of the so-called temple area which (as we have seen) were cleared in 1888. Here, at a distance of 45 metres only from the previous excavation, a sequence of occupation levels was disclosed. Immediately beneath the surface soil a late Mediæval dwelling was encountered, dated by its abundant sherds of

(Continued below, centre.)



WAIST AND THIGHS OF ANOTHER LIMESTONE STATUE
SIMILAR TO THE ONE, ABOVE LEFT: HERE THE BELT
IS ADORNED WITH ROSETTES.



PROBABLY A REDUCED MODEL OF THE ORIGINAL
CONICAL STONE WHICH SYMBOLICALLY REPRESENTED
APHRODITE. LIMESTONE, INSCRIBED IN CYPRIOTE
SYLLABARY, SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



PERHAPS THE MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY MADE AT OLD PAPHOS:
MARBLE WINGS OF A SPHINX, WITH PAINTED COLOURS (RED, BLUE,
AND GREEN) STILL VIVIDLY REMAINING.



ILLUMINATED WITH BRILLIANT LIGHTS TO MARK THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDATION: FLOODLIT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SEARCHLIGHTS.



TARGET OF THE OPENING BARRAGE: DR. J. MACCORMICK (SECOND FROM LEFT) TAKING EVASIVE ACTION, AND LORD BOYD ORR (LEFT) LOOKING APPREHENSIVE.



LAUNCHING THE ATTACK AT THE RECTORIAL: STUDENTS WHO TOOK PART IN ONE OF THE WILDEST SCENES AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY IN LIVING MEMORY.



FREQUENTLY INTERRUPTED BY SHOWERS OF MISSILES AND CONTINUOUS NOISE: DR. MACCORMICK, AMID THE DEBRIS, MAKING A SPEECH ON FREEDOM.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW RÉCTOR: AN OCCASION WHICH GAVE RISE TO UNDIGNIFIED SCENES AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, WHICH IS CELEBRATING THE QUINCENTENARY OF ITS FOUNDATION.

The installation of Dr. John MacCormick, Chairman of the Scottish Covenant, a Home Rule movement, as Rector of Glasgow University, on January 8, was marked by one of the wildest scenes at the University in living memory. Although the rectorial is traditionally the occasion of a student demonstration, usually of a noisy nature, this year it lacked the quality of wit and did not befit a great university which is celebrating its 500th anniversary. The new Rector and many distinguished

members of the university were the victims of a barrage of missiles which included eggs, tomatoes and flour "bombs." Dr. MacCormick's patience wore thin when a frightened live goose was placed at his feet, and he said sternly: "I like fun, but I dislike it if it is gained by the pain or peril of any living creature." Mr. Macmillan, president of the students' representative council, apologised for "the disgraceful amount of hooliganism displayed," and the proceedings were ended abruptly.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ANIMALS IN DECLINE:—1: THE MUSK-OX.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is entirely a matter of taste whether or not we look upon the behaviour of musk-oxen as an epic of courage and parental devotion. In any case, its story is fascinating and unusual. Musk-oxen move about in herds of up to a score, including males, females and young. When attacked, being incapable of speed in flight, the adults form a circle or phalanx, each presenting its horns to the enemy, and inside the circle the young are sheltered. There is only one way to get at the young ones, and that is to kill the adults, one after another, until the protecting circle is no more. Such tactics were sound enough so long as the sole enemies of the musk-ox were wolves. Then, at the first sign of danger, the circle was formed and the wolves found themselves faced with a row of hooklike horns. If a wolf ventured too close, one of the musk-oxen would rush forward to do battle, either dying in the attempt or living to back triumphant into the ranks. The tactics were effective, too, against Eskimo and Red Indian, until the advent of firearms. With the coming of firearms, and of the white hunter, the solidity of the phalanx was a calamity.

Writers on the subject seem undecided whether to speak of males and females, or of bulls and cows. Although originally placed in the genus *Bos*, suggesting first a relationship with typical cattle, and later transferred to *Ovibos*, suggesting that the musk-ox stood somewhere between sheep and oxen, it was subsequently thought that their affinities lay with the goat-antelopes. Now, however, they are included in a separate sub-family of the *Bovidae*. The original mistakes are understandable, as well as the subsequent dilemma, for the animals are ox-like in build, 4 or 5 ft. at the shoulder, and the body is clothed with a long, coarse brown-black hair, nearly black on the head, neck and flanks. There is, therefore, a remote and superficial resemblance to the yak. The horns, at least in the old males, grow close together at their bases, whence they curve outwards and downwards, curving upwards again to end in sharp spikes. In them there is a slight resemblance to the horns of the true buffaloes. The teeth are, however, goat-like. Clearly they are specialised members of the *Bovidae*, specialised for life in the Arctic, with a long coat to protect them against low temperatures and an ability to subsist on moss, which they get at, in winter, by scraping away the snow with their feet. Another specialisation is seen in the feet, which are expanded, covered with long hair and with hairy soles, useful for giving a grip in snow or on ice.

In spite, however, of its natural fitness for life in the cold and barren lands of the north, the musk-ox is on the verge of extinction. Its long hair has made the pelt a desirable article for man's use, valued in Canada as a sledging robe. And whereas it was formerly found in abundance, from Alaska right across Arctic Canada to Greenland, as shown by skulls scattered over the tundra, as well as the stories from natives, it had become extinct in

Alaska by the middle of the nineteenth century, and in Canada it was threatened with extinction by the early years of the present century. Fortunately, in 1930, it was decided to try the experiment of reintroducing the musk-ox into Alaska. Congress appropriated the sum of 40,000 dollars for the purchase of stock, and thirty-four animals, young and adult, were captured in Greenland and transported by way of Norway to New York, whence they were taken by rail to Seattle, and, finally, by boat to Alaska. In spite of the trials, inseparable from capture and transport over a long distance, the herd settled down



SUPERFICIALLY RESEMBLING THE YAK BUT WITH GOAT-LIKE TEETH: A SIX-YEAR-OLD MUSK-OX BULL, *OVIBOS MOSCHATUS*, OX-LIKE IN BUILD AND CLOTHED WITH A LONG, COARSE BROWN-BLACK HAIR.



FORMING A CIRCLE, OR PHALANX, FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CALVES: MUSK-OXEN AT AN EXPERIMENTAL STATION AT FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, PRESENTING THEIR HORNS TO THE ENEMY AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DANGER.

In the article on this page, Dr. Burton describes how musk-oxen protect their calves by forming a circle round them when danger threatens, and then go forward to give battle one after another until the herd has been exterminated.

Photographs by Polar Photos.

satisfactorily, and by 1936 had produced two crops of calves.

The commendable action taken by the U.S. Government was, however, anticipated by the Canadian

Government, who, in 1927, set aside 15,000 square miles of wilderness north-east of the Great Slave Lake as a sanctuary, known as the Thelon Game Sanctuary. This included what was believed to be the last important herd of musk-oxen remaining on the mainland of Canada. Administered by the Minister of the Interior, no one may enter the sanctuary except by special permit, and no hunting or trapping may be carried out within its borders. In 1929 a herd of 250 was counted, few enough when one remembers the animal's former abundance, yet cause for congratulation that this much had been saved in time. Six years later an aerial survey revealed a main concentration of 180 individuals with a few scattered groups and individuals.

On the mainland of the North American continent the species is, therefore, safe for the present, even though there are no truly wild individuals. The position in Greenland and the Arctic Archipelago generally is somewhat different. Here the animals are still found wild, though they have disappeared entirely from several of the large islands within the last century, or have been considerably reduced in numbers. In Greenland itself, there are laws prohibiting their hunting for sport and limiting the numbers that may be killed. In spite of this their numbers are dwindling. This is due mainly to two things over and above the difficulty of enforcing game laws in inaccessible country. Trappers from Norway have made excessive use of the animals for food, and calves have been taken for zoos. This last seems comparatively harmless, until we remember the phalanx. To get one calf for a zoo it may be necessary to kill off a dozen or so adults; that is, the whole of the protective screen, to get at a calf. Presumably the remain-

ing calves will also find themselves then at a disadvantage. Unless writers on the subject are misleading in their descriptions, this means that a musk-ox in a zoo represents the extinction of a herd.

The need for protection, in Greenland or elsewhere, may be more urgent than appears, even from this brief summary. It is known that in post-glacial times the musk-ox ranged throughout Northern Asia and Northern Europe, in addition to Arctic Canada, Alaska and Greenland. Its disappearance from Europe and Asia antedates historical times. It has also been suggested that the musk-ox originated in North America and spread thence to Europe and Asia. If this last is true, it can mean only

that the species has passed its heyday, that, before man started to persecute it, it had expanded its range to the limit and started to contract. Even if the second of these be not true, it still looks as though the species

was already losing ground long before the invention of firearms. Judging by analogous cases, if this be so, then we have yet another example of a species already in decline, and experience suggests that, under these circumstances, even the best efforts at protection are liable to prove abortive. We can but hope, therefore, that the examples offered by the Canadian and U.S. Governments may be followed in Greenland, for if the species is truly in decline the need for maximum efforts at conservation are the more urgent.

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INTERWOVEN WITH THE HISTORIES OF SCOTLAND AND THE "STONE OF DESTINY": SCONE, IN PERTHSHIRE.



THE ONLY RELIC LEFT OF THE OLD VILLAGE OF SCONE: A CRUMBLING CROSS WHICH ONCE STOOD IN THE MARKET PLACE. THE VILLAGE WAS RAZED ABOUT 1803 AND WAS REBUILT A MILE AWAY.



SEAT OF THE EARL OF MANSFIELD: SCONE PALACE, A MODERN CASTELLATED MANSION, BUILT 1803-8, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD AUGUSTINIAN ABBEY WHICH WAS SACKED IN 1559.



WHERE KING EDWARD'S KNIGHTS PROBABLY RODE BEARING THE CAPTURED STONE OF DESTINY: THE ANCIENT WALL AND GATEWAY NEAR THE MARKET CROSS.



LOOKING TOWARDS SCONE PALACE: THE OLD ARCHWAY, SURMOUNTED BY THE ROYAL ARMS, WHICH IS ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING VISIBLE LINKS WITH THE PAST.

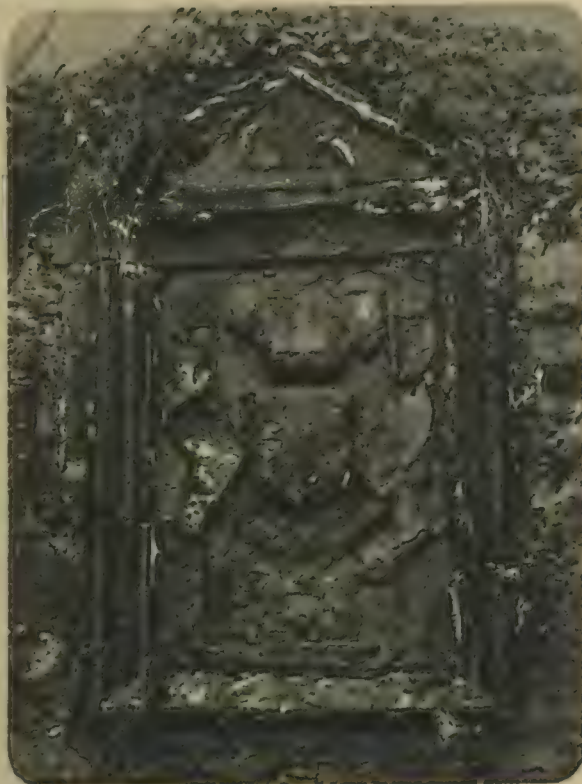


NEAR THE SITE OF THE OLD AUGUSTINIAN ABBEY: AN ANCIENT MONUMENTAL STONE, WITH A STONE COFFIN BEHIND, WHICH HAS ESCAPED DESTRUCTION.

Continued. from Dunstaffnage Castle and to have deposited it in Scone, from whence it was taken to Westminster Abbey by Edward I. in 1296. Most of the Scottish kings were crowned at Scone, the last function being the crowning of Charles II. in 1651. The Abbey and the house of Scone were sacked by a Perth mob after a fiery

SCONE, near Perth in Scotland, is one of the most famous historical places North of the Border, and yet it contains very few visible links with the past. It became the capital of Pictavia, the Kingdom of the Northern Picts, in succession to Forteviot. The Augustinian Abbey was founded in 1115 by Alexander I., but long before this, Scone had been a centre of ecclesiastical activity and the seat of a monastery. Kenneth Macalpin is alleged to have brought the Stone of Destiny, on which the Celtic kings were

(Continued below, left.)



BELIEVED TO BE THE COAT OF ARMS OF KING CHARLES II.: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE ARMS ON THE OLD GATEWAY.

sermon by Knox in 1559. The present palace was built in 1803-8, when the old village was razed and rebuilt a mile away so as to enlarge the grounds. The Stone of Scone was stolen from its place in Westminster Abbey on Christmas morning, and it was thought that the thieves might intend to return it to Scone.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

WE have had more than one Crusading novel in the last year or two, but there is no cause to be getting tired of them. They don't repeat each other, and the stuff is far from worn out. The jacket says that "Ride Home To-morrow," by Evan John (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), "will linger in the reader's memory as long as 'The Talisman.'" I don't know quite what that would mean, and luckily one need not ask. For it is not, in any case, the foremost of the new novels. Place it beside "The World is not Enough"—it pales visibly, and looks both small and cold. And little blame to it, for there we really had something memorable. But even "Knight With Armour," which was on a narrow scale and very thin as to plot, gave an impression of more heart and life. And so, of course, it had more charm. The coldness here is not relative, it is an absolute condition; Andres, the hero and narrator, spreads it all round.

He comes from Norway, and in point of fact he never rides home at all. For, as a lad, one drunken evening, he has killed his stepfather: at least, it would appear so, and he can't deny that it is quite likely. Not pausing to investigate, he flees the country and is dumped ashore by the Wash. His dreams are now of expiation and unique sanctity, but in the meantime he becomes a rogue and vagabond—and is about to start on robbery with violence, when the law pulls him up. Following this lucky chance, he meets an English knight bound for Palestine, and takes the Cross with ardour.

The Kingdom of Jerusalem is on the eve of the Third Crusade. Factions are rife; the threat from Saladin is dire. Yet volunteers for active service are in small request. He has had some experience, but little fighting, when a truce is signed, and off he goes to Constantinople, half-pledged to a conspiracy against Andronicus, the Greek Emperor. Before he can make up his mind, less trepid plotters have revoltingly done the job; and he returns to the new flare-up, and the ghastly defeat of Hattin.

I must say that the scheme is rather perverse. Its object was to show the Kingdom in a new light, as Europe's first colonial experiment. Yet Andres is no colonist. He has no stake in the country; and when the fighting halts, the scene is promptly shifted.

Nor does the character of Andres help things along. He is a bleak figure, censorious and unattached. Not once does he develop close relations with anyone. In this chill ground, a story cannot thrive; we are reduced to subject-matter. There the interest is plentiful. The writer has worked hard; he knows the scene, which is more vivid than the characters; he has a great deal to say. His book is solid, though unlovable.

"The Little World of Don Camillo," by Giovanni Guareschi (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), goes to the opposite extreme, and doubtless will be lapped up. At least it was in Italy, and in America, and why not here? Aesthetic theory may get the dismals and impose them on a wide area, but still the lovable and comic is a sure card. People forget their dignity and jump for it every time, like the cat-lady when she saw a mouse.

And here, besides the lovable and comic, there is great reassurance, just where we so badly need it. It seems the nightmare of the age can be regarded as a big joke. In every village by the Po, the battle rages and the fur flies; and then the warriors go home to supper, scatheless in wind and limb. These are Valhalla-sports, for ever new, and quite divorced from ill-feeling.

Thus Don Camillo and the mayor Peppone are as like as two peas—except that Don Camillo is a priest, the mayor a Communist. As such, they stand in theory for good and evil, and they fight on and on. Both are tremendous champions and nearly matched, but Don Camillo has a slight pull. Not through his daily conversations with the Lord—the Lord is umpire, and insists on fair play. Peppone's trouble is a sneaking conflict of loyalties. For, after all, in a confused and sheepish way, he has remained a good Catholic.

The author says that it is all quite true. That I believe, with some deduction for the farce and fantasy. But it is not, of course, a whole truth. The grimmer half of it is touched on at the last moment, and then left in the air: whereas the joyous episodes are neatly wound up. This is an honest compromise, though not the right thing in story-telling.

In Don Camillo's poor, precarious and violent world, people enjoy their lives. But in America one can't expect it. "The Hunter," by Hugh Fosburgh (Collins; 8s. 6d.), returns us to the Waste Land and the inner void. "Monk" Taylor is an idle fellow who might do anything. He has great talent, great sensibility and charm; he is admired by all. But lacking faith and hope, he shies away from real intercourse. His social manner is compounded of drink and chaff. His girl can't bring him to the point. His one activity and passion is the hunting of mountain lions. In this half-magical, terrific chase he seeks a way home, back to the first simplicity of life and the compulsions of the pre-human.

But the pursuit is just another hollowness. He has consented scornfully, against the grain, to share his magic rite with two "dudes," who are so green that they expect to like it. One is a swaggering and flashy know-all, one as eager as a young puppy. He takes them out on three successive days. Everything goes wrong. The swaggerer becomes hysterical—and Monk is forced to see through his nature-worship.

This is a first novel, yet extremely deft. The social tone, the dread of being serious, the endless wisecracking staccato have the ring of life.

"Plunder of the Sun," by David Dodge (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), although American, is highly cheerful; crime has that privilege. Al Colby, the narrator, has been hired in Chile for an odd job: to smuggle something, in a sealed package, into Peru. The owner, Señor Berrien, is going along. He is an invalid in a wheeled chair, attended by a pretty nurse, and subject to heart attacks. He does not live through the voyage. And Al is left in sole possession of the sealed packet, of which he only knows that it is a "Peruvian antique," and has already caused a good deal of trouble.

I don't think it is wrong to breathe the words "Inca treasure." What we are in for is a treasure-hunt, enlivened by a wild game of grab. Very effective and exciting.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS.

LIKE many another male, I am not very observant in some directions. The subtlest confections of couturier and milliner—confections on which much feminine thought has been lavished—merely produce in me a disappointingly vague reaction that such-and-such a dress or hat is more attractive than the reverse. In the same way, the floral decorations in a house or at a public function have really scored with me if they produce as positive a reaction: "I say. I thought the flowers looked nice." Until I read "Floristry and Flower Arranging," by Joy Fleming (World's Work; 21s.), while I suppose

I must have realised that a lovely bowl of flowers, a bride's bouquet, a funeral wreath, didn't just "happen," I had no idea of the *expertise* which went into a pursuit which is not merely professionally profitable, but is obviously a branch of art as well. I know better now. When next I see a peculiarly lovely arrangement of flowers, I shall wonder if the creator, like Miss Fleming, was a real high-up in the florists' world, and whether like her she was a holder "of the Royal Horticultural Society's British Floral Art Diploma and the Constance Spry Diploma." I shall look closely to see whether the wire used was 18, 20 or 22 gauge, or "rose wire" if the "stems be very fragile." I shall peer about to see if green twine or flora tape has been preferred, and if all "foreign bodies" have been removed from the moss.

And when I see a cunning, close-headed concoction of gladioli, agapanthus, carnation or delphinium I shall not be deceived. I shall know that these flowers have been "pipped." That is to say, that all the small flowers from a head have been removed and then wired separately. The secret of Kipling's art as one of the world's greatest short story writers was surely in his creation of atmosphere. And this, in its turn, was due to his insatiable interest in other people's "shop"—the enthusiasm of the chief engineer of a ship, of a subaltern on the North-West Frontier, of a theatrical impresario for the deeper mysteries of their craft which were evoked, remembered and reproduced, by one who was himself a great craftsman. If you have your Kipling side—or if you are just interested in flowers—you will find this book as fascinating as I did.

The frontispiece consists of "the author's impression of an Old Dutch Painting" done in living flowers and skilfully photographed in colour. But, alas! the next book for review is "The Twelve Months of Flowers," by Jacob van Huysum (F. Lewis; £8 8s.), and while Miss Fleming's composition is most attractive, it can hardly compete with the works of the great Dutch master. He was great only as an artist. For as a young man his toying had aroused unfavourable comment even in his native, hard-drinking Amsterdam, and when he first came to England he was discharged from Sir Robert Walpole's employment for drunkenness "which," as Colonel Maurice Grant, who contributes a scholarly Foreword, remarks, "must have been phenomenal indeed to incur dismissal from an eighteenth-century manor house." Finally he died in London of drink when he was fifty-three. This known addiction to the bottle makes these beautiful flower paintings—which were virtually unknown to collectors until Lord Petre sold them in 1949—the more miraculous. The exquisite detail (Huysum is one of the few painters who can paint butterflies accurately, and does not decorate his compositions with insects undreamt of by the lepidopterist in his worst nightmares) accords ill with the shaky hand, the bleary eye, and the aching head of the toper. As the title implies, Huysum took the then popular theme of the seasons (Thomson's "Seasons" enjoyed an enormous vogue in the field of poetry at the same time) and, providing a Dutch landscape or architectural background, produced this wonderful series of flower-paintings. It is not surprising that such a knowledgeable art-lover as her Majesty Queen Mary has already bought a copy of this book, of which only 500 have been printed. Eight guineas at this financially bleak early time of the year is no small sum, but the book is worth every penny of it.

In "September" and "October" Huysum introduces a gentian. In the first it has that glorious depth of colour which we associate with "gentian blue." In the latter the flower is a little paler—indeed, a little touched by the early frosts. Anyone who loves the Alps as I do will have a special corner in his heart for the lovely flower which, after reading "Gentians," by David Wilkie (Country Life; 25s.), I suppose I should call *G. aculis*, or possibly *G. verna*. For there are over 800 species of gentian (so Mr. Wilkie informs us), ranging in size from the giant *G. lupea*—which grows to 5 ft.—to miniatures and, in colour, from that which I call "gentian" to white, golden-yellow, scarlet and gold, and dull red. This is very much a book for the expert gardener, but as the experts are so numerous and the aspirants to that rank more numerous still among amateur gardeners, I have no hesitation in recommending it. But I fear that a psychoanalyst saying "gentian" to me will still get the associative reply: "The Alps," and not *G. verna* or even *G. aculis*.

If the same psychoanalyst said "hydrangea" to me, I think I should reply "Ascot"—for the shrub is so much a part of the formal English social scene. It is not a plant I myself care for greatly, but I hardly like to confess this having just read Mr. Michael Haworth-Booth's "The Hydrangeas" (Constable; 25s.). For Mr. Haworth-Booth has spent as much loving care in the growing and classification of hydrangeas as Mr. Wilkie over gentians and it is churlish for the layman to allow his views to be coloured by a faint dislike of what he regards as insipid blooms, and associates with harried caterers—men in shirt-sleeves working against time for some social function. This, again, is a work for the expert, but Mr. Haworth-Booth's historical foreword and his obvious enthusiasm have kindled a greater sympathy in me for the objects of his affection.

For the humbler gardener, such as I am, Mr. W. E. Shewell-Cooper's "The Complete Gardener" (Collins; 21s.) holds no terrors and induces no inferiority complexes. I should be a little shy of asking advice on my simple problems from Messrs Wilkie and Haworth-Booth. But not of Mr. Shewell-Cooper. For every possible question, it seems to me, has already been thought of and the answer provided in this admirably comprehensive book.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THOUGH the Russians are undoubtedly the world's leading chess players to-day, not all their innovations are generally admired, or even approved; some pose seriously the question: "To what extent should you, in playing chess, use other people's brains?"

The study of books on chess, as an aid to skill, has long been accepted. If A beats B, as frequently happens, through book knowledge, B has only himself to blame; it is unlikely that he was too poor to buy or borrow the book which did the damage. Perhaps A picked up some invaluable tips from a book in some foreign language which B does not understand—such things do happen. "Legitimate," is the only possible verdict. There are few fields in which the more studious person has not the advantage.

Two of England's leading players have been bosom friends for years. They prepare for tournaments together and then adopt very similar opening tactics. Obviously, each is making some use of the other's brain—the move by which he virtually wins one game may not have been his own idea at all, but his friend's.

The Swedish team came to the International Team Tournament in 1933 having worked out together in advance an entirely new method of playing Tarrasch's Defence.

Such mass collaboration before a game has become so common that it is hardly worth mentioning.

But during a game. . . .

When, usually after five hours' play, a tournament game is unfinished, it is adjourned. The next move is "sealed" (i.e., not actually made on the board but handed as a secret written record to the tournament controller) and the players go their ways. Each may spend every moment of the hours that may elapse before play is resumed analysing privately the further possibilities of the position.

Leading Russian players nowadays are accompanied to tournaments by committees of a dozen experts only slightly less skilled than themselves, who analyse for them during adjournments whilst the players themselves gain precious rest. When they are about to resume, they are told in a few minutes unsuspected intricacies of the position which might have taken them hours of hard work to find. A leading Czechoslovakian player who played in a match Prague v. Moscow, said: "The pressure on you in Moscow is terrific—you feel as if you are playing against the nation!" He is a confirmed Communist, by the way. I understand that adjourned positions have been given out over the Moscow radio and useful analysis has been telephoned in by amateurs.

Of course, such over-keen practices are not confined to the Russians alone. In Amsterdam recently, Reshevsky (U.S.A.) was running neck-and-neck with Najdorf (Argentina) for the lead, but making heavy weather in one of his games against a tail-ender Szabados; Reshevsky roundly accused Najdorf of helping Szabados in adjournment analysis. But the Russians do the job more openly and methodically.

Here is a game played in Russia recently which shows only the best aspect of pre-game preparation.

(Korchny.)	(Sapkin.)	(Korchny.)	(Sapkin.)
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	4. P-K4	Kt-QB3
2. P-QB4	P-K4	5. P-B4	P-KK4
3. P×KP	P-Q5	6. P-B5!	

Almost certainly Korchny worked this move out himself, knowing that Sapkin was partial to this curious defence, the Albin Counter Gambit. Ever since Burn played 4. P-K4 in a Munich tournament in 1900, Black's fourth and fifth moves have been believed to smash it. But Burn now went 6. B-Q3 and after the natural reply 6. . . . P×P, was left with hopelessly weak doubled and isolated pawns in the middle. Having found the move they all missed for half-a-century, Korchny gets an easy win and a tiny niche in the immortality of "the books."

6.	Kt×P	10. P-K5!	B×K2
7. Kt-KB3	Kt×Ktch	11. Kt-Q2	Q-K2
8. Q×Kt	Q-B3	12. Castles	P-KB3
9. B-Q3	B-Q3	13. P-B5	Q×BP

Practically all Black's moves have been forced. Here he could have got another piece out by 13. . . . Kt-R3, but White would have had fine chances after 14. Q-R5ch, Kt-B2; 15. Kt-K4, Castles; 16. P-KR4.

14. Kt-B4	K-Q1	17. B×Pch	Kt-K2
15. P-QKt4	Q-B3	18. P-B6	Resigns.
16. Kt×B	P×Kt		



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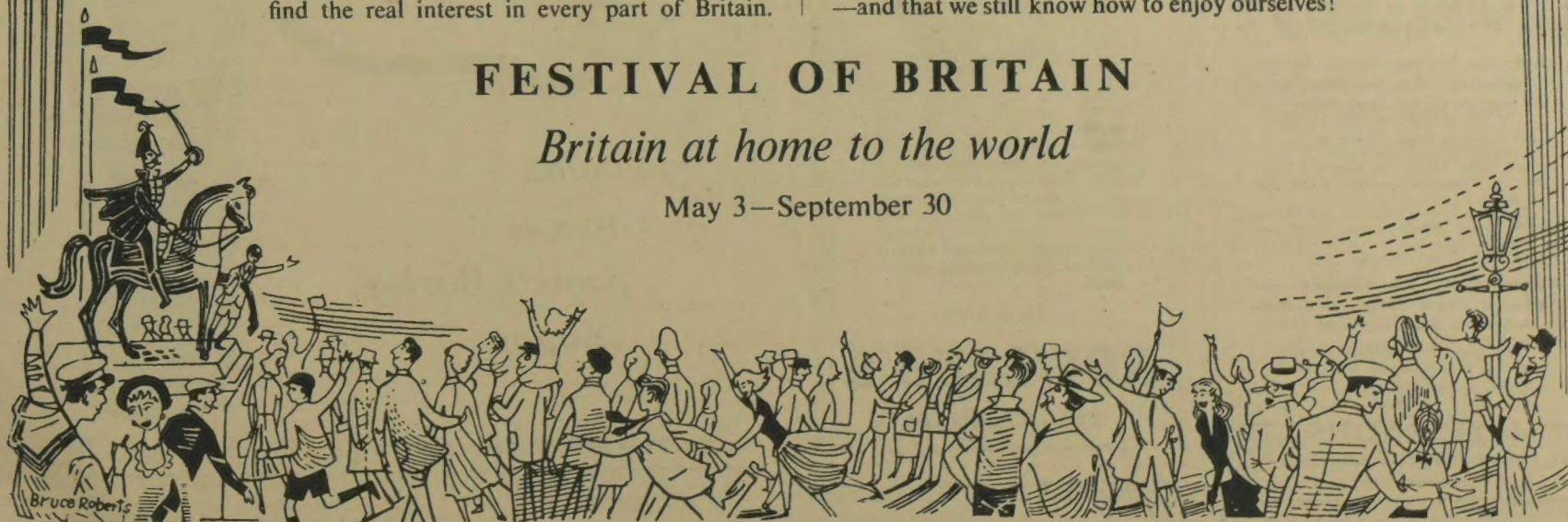
OVER hard years and happy ones, through stirring times that settled down to become history, we have built up—sometimes from scratch again—the things that make the way we live. It was hard work, and there'll be more of it, but it gives us something well worth having. And now, in 1951, the world is coming to see what we've done, what we're going to do and what we're made of—the sort of people we are, the sort of things we like and do well. People are going to find the real interest in every part of Britain.

There'll be something for everyone to see—and each one of us has a chance to join in. Indeed, Their Majesties The King and The Queen, Patrons of the Festival, have expressed the hope that every family will share in it. Exciting events are being arranged all over the country, as well as giant exhibitions and arts festivals in main centres. Putting the whole country on show for the first time is a big job; but all of us together can show that Britain is still something well worth seeing—and that we still know how to enjoy ourselves!

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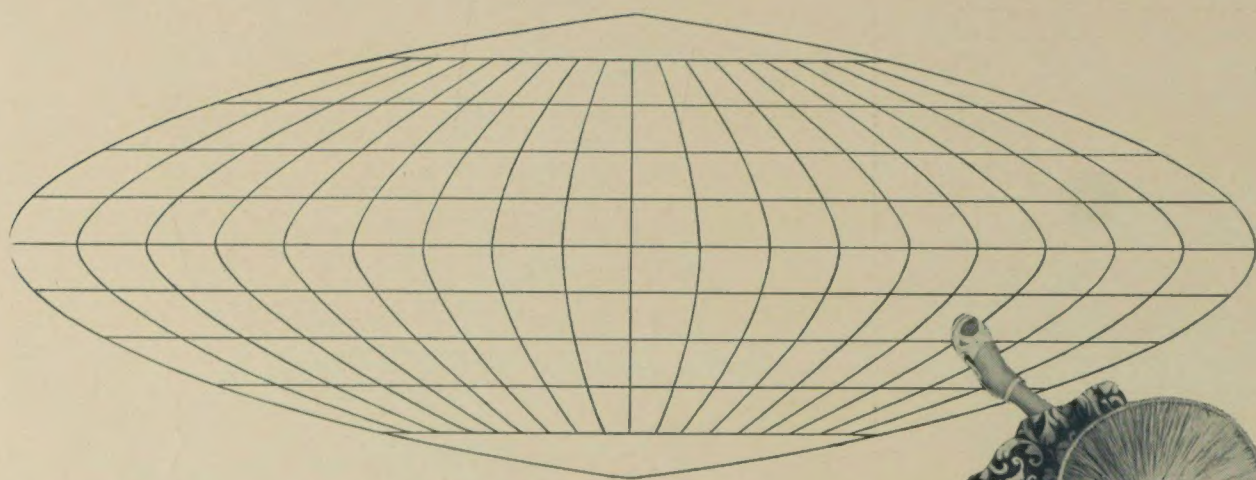
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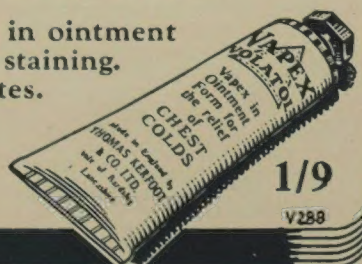


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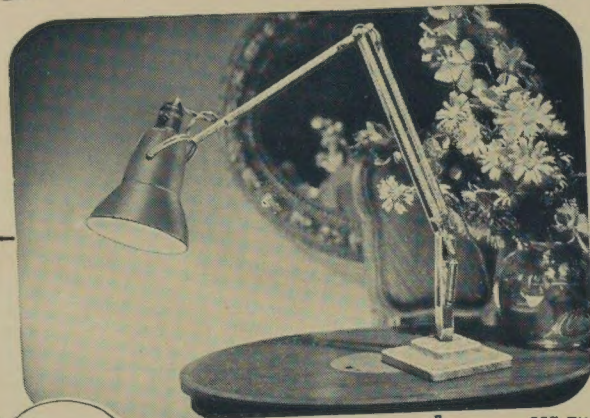


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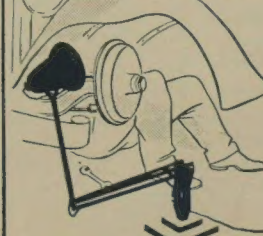
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